The Nation.

UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
East Orange, NJ 07019

November 27, 1989 $1.75 U.S./$2.25 Canada

NOV 20

PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

FALL BOOKS ISSUE

Wini Breines on
SECOND THOUGHTS

Peter Schrag on
CALIFORNIA DREAMS

Herbert Gold on
HAITI TODAY

John Leonard on
BELLOW AND GORDON

Thomas M. Disch on
THE POETRY BIZ

08585 48
0 377535 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

PIE IN THE SKY

Santa Cruz, Calif.

I think that Daniel Singer ("Dawn in Poland," Sept. 18) is wrong when he writes that the alternatives facing Poland are a "transition to capitalism" or "new forms of economic democracy." I don't believe that a transition to capitalism is possible because there are no capitalists and there is no "money functioning as capital" (Marx) in Poland. Poland's private businesses are structured to operate within the framework of state planning. Without the economic security provided by the state, much of Poland's private sector would wither and die (agriculture probably being the exception). The real alternative in Poland is either a streamlined state socialism that would insert that country into the world capitalist economy and deliver consumer goods at the expense of full employment, job security, social services and environmental protection, or a democratic socialism that would retain full employment and job security, build up social services and pay a lot of attention to the environment and the quality of work and community life—at the expense of consumer goods. No country in the world has full employment, job security *and* consumer goods. Sweden is a possible exception; Poland isn't and won't be. *James O'Connor*

SINGER REPLIES

Paris

To put a complicated argument in crude shorthand: All that is unprecedented is not impossible (fortunately, since socialism is still really nonexisting). What the Poles and Hungarians (and tomorrow the Russians?) are trying to do—revive the private ownership of the means of production as a dominant form—is unprecedented. They are still in the process of inventing procedures for this transition. They cannot sell the country wholesale to foreigners. The primitive "entrepreneurs" (yesterday's swindlers and black marketeers) cannot take it all. A large-scale transfer must involve present-day managers (hence the potential deal with the *nomenklatura*). In any case, basic production, fuel and power would remain in the hands of the state for quite a time, but the direction of the process would be unmistakable.

Indeed, the transition begins with some assets: (1) the class consciousness of international capital, which, after some hesitation, seems to be willing to provide financing to a Poland obeying the rules of the International Monetary Fund; (2) the conversion of the Solidarity leadership to the capitalist gospel and its agreement on this issue with the leadership of the Communist Party; (3) the total bankruptcy of the post-Stalinist system leading, through mistaken identification, to the (provisional?) discredit of all socialist solutions, to the idealization of the past and of the West and to the general belief that capitalism is the only choice. It is only as they discover behind the idealized version the reality of the capitalist solution (unemployment, increased social inequalities, an even greater tyranny on the shop floor) that a large part of the population, led by the workers, may change its mind. Thus I believe the successful restoration of capitalism based on private property is not feasible, not because of any theoretical impossibility but because of social resistance based on the labor movement.

The indispensable revival of socialist ideas in Eastern Europe (including the Soviet Union) that would be so useful now will, I fear, take place only after a period of moves designed to restore classical capitalism. Very interesting ideas connecting modes of production, patterns of consumption and social justice are compressed in Professor O'Connor's letter; if he were to develop them they could serve as a basis for a most useful debate, and one not limited to Eastern Europe. *Daniel Singer*

SLOPPY SCHOLARSHIP

Madison, Wis.

Micaela diLeonardo and Adolph Reed side with Randall Kennedy in his *Harvard Law Review* attack on minority law professors who are writing (their phrases) "muddle-headed, self-aggrandizing slop" while engaged in "poverty-pimping" ["Letters," Oct. 23].

Focusing on me in particular, diLeonardo and Reed purport to illustrate those vices by means of my "Imperial Scholar" article (*University of Pennsylvania Law Review*, March 1984) on racism in legal scholarship. I fail to make my case, the letter writers say, because I show only exclusion—the numerical absence of minorities from the footnotes and pages of work by the white male giants in the field of civil rights law. I should have gone further, according to diLeonardo and Reed, and provided the titles of particular uncited works by Third World scholars that merit citation. Without this additional step—no discrimination.

The demand to give "more evidence" is made, I've noticed, only when the demander finds an assertion disturbing or unfamiliar. I bet that if I had asserted that legal scholarship is now devoid of discrimination, and that the leading figures in civil rights cite minorities appropriately, diLeonardo and Reed would have let me get away with it.

You see, I did give the "more evidence" diLeonardo and Reed purport to want: I included fourteen lines of titles in footnote 19 and about thirty more in notes 4 to 13 and note 45.

How could diLeonardo and Reed have asserted I had not offered works of scholars of color I thought worth inclusion? I can think of only one reason: They read Kennedy's article (which does make this careless claim) and not mine. Since they agreed with Kennedy—after all, the minorities are always making these paranoid and self-aggrandizing claims—they didn't bother to check out the truth of Kennedy's charge. After all, some things are so self-evident as to need no evidence—right? *Richard Delgado*

CRITICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

Stanford, Calif.

Having been a silent devotee of *The Nation*'s "Letters" page for many years, I am surprised to find my own work attacked therein by Yale professors Reed and diLeonardo, whom I do not know, and who have apparently not read what I have written. They angrily denounce "poverty-pimping," "reading out from . . . physiognomy" and "self-aggrandizing slop" with a passion I hope they put to struggles in their own New Haven.

I have never made the determinist arguments from race that Reed and diLeonardo attribute to me. In a paper presented at Yale, and published in the *Women's Rights Law Reporter*, I used Angelina and Sarah Grimke as examples of white women who had critical consciousness of racism and patriarchy. This consciousness, I argued, is "accessible to all of us, of all genders and colors." I went on to state that I would not "swoop up and thereby diminish the power of many different outsider traditions."

I could go on, citing line after line of anti-essentialist qualifications I have made in past writings. Not only would this bore readers, it would also succumb to the neoconservative coercion under which any attempt to identify race and gender as significant social forces is at once mis-characterized and dismissed as essentialism and biological determinism.

Instead, let me make clear my beliefs: I believe there is a complex, vibrant and at times contradictory intellectual tradition of subordinated people in the United States. I know this because I was raised in that tradition and it has made my life rich. In spite of the forces of assimilation and internal colonization, there lives on a progressive strand in America that is characterized by a recognition of conditions of domination and a distrust of elite claims of objectivity and necessity. Within this body of separate knowledge lies the key to the liberation of all of us. And there is no place else—not Harvard, not Yale, not even the pages of my beloved *Nation*—from where we will find our salvation.

Mari Matsuda

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 249, Number 18

LETTERS
622

EDITORIALS
623 Cerf to Newhouse
624 McCarthy: Reviewing the Reviewers
624 Believer Beware
625 The Old Gringos *Andrew Kopkind*

COLUMNS
626 Beltway Bandits *David Corn*
627 Checks and Balances *Edward Sorel*
628 Beat the Devil *Alexander Cockburn*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
630 Collier and Horowitz: Destructive Generation: Second Thoughts About the Sixties
Whalen and Flacks: Beyond the Barricades: The Sixties Generation Grows Up *Wini Breines*
632 McClatchy: White Paper: On Contemporary American Poetry
Klein, ed.: Poets for Life: 76 Poets Respond to AIDS
Ryan: God Hunger *Thomas M. Disch*
636 Wilentz: The Rainy Season: Haiti Since Duvalier *Herbert Gold*
638 Michaels, Reid and Scherr, eds.: West Of the West: Imagining California *Peter Schrag*
640 Ravenel, ed.: New Stories From the South: The Year's Best, 1989 *Daniel Wallace*
644 Thomas and Thomas, eds.: The Best of the West 2: New Short Stories From The Wide Side of the Missouri *Tom Spanbauer*
646 Cela Vie *Michael Ugarte*
650 Perry, ed.: Malcolm X: The Last Speeches *Joe Wood*
652 Bellow: The Bellarosa Connection
Gordon: The Other Side *John Leonard*
655 Museums *Edward Chappell*

Cover design by Louise Fili

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors*, George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor*, Micah L. Sifry; *Literary Editor*, Elsa Dixler; *Associate Literary Editor*, Art Winslow; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor*, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Copy Chief*, Roane Carey; *Copy Editor*, Judith Long; *Assistant to the Editor*, Dennis Selby; *Interns*, Jennifer Brundin, Mark G. Judge (Washington), Bonnie Pfister, Deborah Sklar, Tom Terranova, Jeremy Varon, Suju Vijayan, Mara Zeldin.

Departments: *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance*, Mindy Aloff; *Fiction*, John Leonard; *Lingo*, Jim Quinn; *Music*, David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater*, Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus: Washington*, Jefferson Morley and David Corn, *editors*; *Europe*, Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom*, E.P. Thompson; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Stuart Klawans (*The Small Time*), Edward Sorel; *Contributing Editors*: Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener; *Editorial Board*: Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins. *Editors at Large*, Richard Pollak, Katrina vanden Heuvel.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by addressed, stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

President and Associate Publisher, David Parker; *General Manager*, Neil Black; *Advertising Director*, Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers*, Tanveer Mall, Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Circulation Director*, Margaret Pyle; *Subscription Manager*, Cookee V. Klein; *Director, Nation Books*, Elsa Dixler; *Receptionists*, Greta Loell, Vivette Dhanukdhari; *Mail Clerk*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Production*, Terry Miller; *Typography*, Randall Cherry, Sandy McCroskey; *Nation Associates*: Director, Sandra Zickefoose, *Assistant Director*, Carlos Durazo; *Syndication*, Jeff Sorensen; *New Business Manager*, Jay Pearsall; *Publicity and Special Projects Director*, Peter G. Meyer; *InterNation*, Chris Calhoun.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1989 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc. 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion OH 43305. *Subscription Price*: One year, $36; two years, $64. Add $14 for surface mail postage outside U.S. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. This issue went to press on November 9.

EDITORIALS.

Cerf to Newhouse

Bennett Cerf, co-founder and publisher of Random House, once remarked in the early 1960s, "Jason Epstein is my class editor and Robert Bernstein is my mass editor," partly by way of explaining that Random House was dedicated to accommodating both tendencies.

Well, Jason Epstein, the inventor of the quality paperback who was dubbed the Robespierre of the paperback revolution, went on publishing quality lit, but Robert Bernstein, who in those days brought in such best sellers as a Shirley Temple scrapbook, went on to become president of Random House. He also went on to publish and take pride in serious works like Anthony Lewis's *Gideon's Trumpet* and David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* and to use his power, prestige and pulpit to work

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for human rights. Under his aegis the house that Cerf and his partner, Donald Klopfer, built grew from a $40 million to an $800 million business.

On November 1 Robert Bernstein retired or resigned—publishing gossips are still not sure whether he jumped or was pushed, was burned out or burned up—but either way his departure signified the end of an era. For Bernstein was a transition figure between the creative, stylish, risk-taking, author-coddling days of Cerf—"Bennett didn't talk to accountants," recalls one colleague, "he talked to William Faulkner"—and the computerized, conglomerated, bureaucratized, bookstore chain-dominated publishing of today. Indeed, Random House was taken over in 1980 by the $8 billion Newhouse empire, which owns eleven magazines and fourteen newspapers.

The Bernstein surprise came only days after another conglomerate, Viking Penguin, announced it was killing the adult division of E.P. Dutton, one of its subsidiaries, and on the heels of Random House's own problems with such prestigious new English subsidiaries as Jonathan Cape, Chatto & Windus and The Bodley Head. These setbacks, along with the latest industrywide sales figures indicating that more of the 50,000 titles published last year will end up on remainder tables than in shopping carts at the malls, suggest that the book publishing community would be well advised to reconsider the extravagant promises of synergy and economies of scale that were supposed to be but never were the byproducts of the mergers and takeovers that have pervaded and bedeviled the industry since the go-go 1960s.

Publishers tend to blame the sorry state of their balance sheets on pressures from rival conglomerates and/or superagents to pay big bucks for putative big books, most of which never earn back their advances; or to point to their favorite scapegoat, returns of unsold copies, which now run (although nobody likes to admit it) higher than 50 percent from the very chains that were supposed to be introducing books to a new audience.

Undoubtedly there is a shrewd manager somewhere who will figure out how to pay authors less and sell more books, and perhaps Si Newhouse has found him in Alberto Vitale, Bernstein's replacement. But is there in the new generation a publisher like Bennett Cerf—a man or woman who goes into the business because he or she is excited by ideas and whose enthusiasm is for books rather than computerized marketing systems? There are still a lot of them in the editorial echelons, but the M.B.A.s and numbers-crunchers are increasingly running the show. The rumor mill has it that one of the areas of friction between Bernstein and Newhouse was Random House's acquisition of Crown Publishers and its failure to integrate Crown's remainder business into the Random House operation. Whatever the facts, Nat Wartels, who started Crown on a shoestring and a dream in 1933, got into the business, like Cerf, largely because he cared about books and wanted to have some fun.

Publishing may never have been the gentleman's profession literary sentimentalists would have us believe, and we are not contending that business considerations should have no role in what is, after all, a business. But it seems inevitable that as publishing structures expand and conglomerate there will be less space in the future for the Knopfs, Pantheons, Farrar, Straus & Girouxes and other quality publishers that have given the country and the culture its truly valuable literary properties. The hopes for countering this drift toward bureaucracy and concentration are the sprouting of small independent presses like Thunder's Mouth, Soho Press and North Point; "de-acquisition," in which conglomerates regurgitate undigestible acquisitions (Random House itself was de-acquired by the transnational RCA before it was absorbed into the Newhouse apparatus); and the growing number of independent bookstores that are making inroads on the chains in cities and malls across the country.

When Bennett Cerf retained Morris Ernst to fight the ban that prevented Americans from reading James Joyce's *Ulysses*, he cared more about the social benefits than the financial costs (though, no doubt, he also hoped to make a buck—and did). It says something about the earlier generation of publishers who were in it for the love of the game that the man who published authors like Joyce, Faulkner and O'Neill became more famous as a panelist on *What's My Line?* than as a watchdog of the bottom line.

McCARTHY: REVIEWING THE REVIEWERS

Mary McCarthy, novelist and critic, who died on October 25, was a frequent contributor to The Nation *in the 1930s. A 1935 series she wrote with Margaret Marshall, "Our Critics, Right or Wrong" contains this observation:*

Literature is art; but it is, at the same time, merchandise. Publishers cannot print only good books, even if they want to, for there are not in one season enough to go even once around. Publishers' lists, then, are substantially composed of mediocre books, heavily advertised as "good" or "great." Many or most of these books a newspaper columnist helps to sell. The average mediocre novel will draw from him a favorable review, warm enough in tone to send little trickles of cash customers into the city's bookstores.

Believer Beware

Did Jim Bakker get off too heavily? Many editorialists expressed shock at his forty-five-year rap for defrauding his followers. We thought the ex-reverend deserved serious time—such as the ten years recommended under current Federal guidelines (which didn't apply to Bakker because they went into effect after he fleeced his flock).

Maybe the best idea is that of a friend of ours, who op-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poses the separation of church and state—at least he thinks churches should be taxed like any other industry or real estate conglomerate. But since he's well aware of the unlikelihood of his ideas ever being adopted, he argues that as we have separation in this country, it should be absolute:

> Short of human or animal sacrifices, preachers should be allowed to do any damn thing they want to do in the line of religion—and let their followers beware. Surely the fraud that Bakker committed is no worse than the fraud that is committed every Sunday from every pulpit in America—in the world for that matter. Promising a few days in a nonexistent hotel for $1,000, as Bakker's PTL ministry did, is surely no more of a gyp than promising a couch in Heaven for a lifetime of tithes. If fraud is a penal offense in the religion business, every Catholic priest should be in Atlanta penitentiary. Frankly, I think the Bakkers were convicted because of their looks—she, Betty Boop; he, the Pillsbury Doughboy. Is it a penal offense to look funny?

The Old Gringos

For a dead duck, the cold war still has a lively kick and a lot of squawk. However much superpower tensions have been relieved in Europe and the peril of nuclear exchange reduced, the century-old campaign waged by American political leaders and cultural arbiters against "the left," as they define it, remains in full force. It can be seen every day in various forms: in bipartisan support for the ultraright Cristiani regime in El Salvador, in the Administration's reluctance to underwrite real working-class democracy in Poland, in Jonas Savimbi's reception in Washington, in the refusal of the nation's economic strategists to consider redistributive policies or new social investments. Historically, America's cold war was rationalized by the "Soviet threat," but the enemies list was long. Cold Warriors targeted labor and progressive movements at home and anticolonial revolutions in the Third World, and the battles still rage.

The extreme reaction in Washington and in the national media to Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega's announcement of the resumption of military operations against *contras* inside his country is explicable only in a cold war, counterrevolutionary context. Of course Nicaragua never posed any clear or present danger to America's domination of Central America. But while the Soviet threat was still a viable myth, security fanatics and neoconservative propagandists could claim that with the Sandinistas in power in Managua, Russian tanks were only a stone's throw away from Harlingen, Texas. Now with the radical retrenchment of Soviet support for Third World struggles, Moscow's heartfelt admission of error in Afghanistan and Gorbachev's irreversible policy of diverting military expenditures to the civilian sector, not even the wildest fantasies of Soviet expansionism are credible.

But the ideological campaign against Nicaragua continues unabated. For it is the example of independence and the potential for contagion from that dread disorder (however small, alas) that sets Washington's wings to flapping. The day after Ortega's slightly gauche declaration in Costa Rica, the capital was seized by the war spirit. The Administration put out a series of self-serving spins and "analyses" that sounded more like a Roger Ailes attack ad than a diplomatic statement. Bush made snobbish and snide comments about Ortega's size, his uniform and his behavior—the sort of thing British blimps used to say about uppity colonials. Reporters tried to drum up interest in the resumption of "lethal" aid (as if "humanitarian" aid hadn't killed hundreds of Nicaraguans just since the cease-fire), and Ortega was denounced by Democratic liberals and Republican reactionaries alike in a sense-of-Congress resolution that passed by a whopping 379 to 29 in the House and 95 to 0 in the Senate.

After a few days, however, the mood began to mellow. It dawned on a few sane commentators—Mary McGrory and Anthony Lewis in particular—that the Nicaraguans had a point or two in their favor. After all, the United States has been waging one of the most "lethal" wars in the history of the hemisphere against one of the poorest countries in the world. Nicaragua has suffered more than 57,000 casualties, with almost 30,000 killed (*contras* included) and economic damages estimated at over $12 billion. The U.S.-imposed trade embargo and the U.S. veto of international aid to Nicaragua amounts to another $700 million lost. For more than a year and a half, the Nicaraguan government has observed its own unilateral cease-fire, which the *contras* have refused to join. And the United States has refused to heed the most important planks of the Central American peace plan (which Bush castigated Ortega for disobeying), which called for demobilization of the *contras* and their bases in Honduras by early December. Finally, *contra* attacks have been escalating in the last months, as thousands of the armed guerrillas roam the Nicaraguan countryside on a terrorist rampage in a last-ditch attempt to destabilize the society before the scheduled national election.

Although any awful thing is possible in the bootless Administration and craven Congress now ensconced in Washington, it looks as though Ortega—and Nicaragua—will survive one more time. For despite all the screaming for blood, no one in power really wants to put the war in Central America back on the national political agenda. There's no percentage in it for Bush, even though he must constantly play to the hard-right crowd that got him where he is. The Democrats hate having to prove their military machismo every time a crisis occurs, and they would rather get back to endorsing fat checks from corporate PACs, which seems to be the party's sole activity and raison d'être these days.

And yet the counterrevolution continues. It is clear that the "lessons of Nicaragua" will make no more of an impression on America's political and intellectual rulers than did the lessons of Vietnam. Unlike that other superpower, which has taken the unimaginable position of encouraging grass-roots revolts, movements of independence and self-determination for people long in its orbit, the United States maintains an imperial mentality with all the mean-spirited consequences for the wretched of that part of the earth under American control. Which is what the cold war has always been about.

ANDREW KOPKIND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Married to the Mob

"I'm sure you share with me a sense of outrage when it comes to crime. I've worked hard in the Senate trying to make sure criminals get caught and punished.

"Unfortunately, our courts have been turned into revolving doors that release creeps and thugs who have broken laws on everything from drug pushing to murder. . . . With a good lawyer, they can manipulate the law and often avoid paying for their crimes. With the prisons filled, they make deals, get a suspended sentence and go free . . . free to break more laws."

Those tough sentiments were voiced by Senator Alfonse D'Amato in a recent direct mail solicitation for the National Law Enforcement Officers Memorial Fund. This group is raising money for a monument to police officers killed in action, and D'Amato, the scandal-tainted Republican from New York, is its honorary chair.

Shortly after D'Amato's letter landed in hundreds of thousands of mailboxes, *The Village Voice* revealed that in 1984 and 1985 D'Amato lobbied then-U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani on behalf of two organized crime figures. D'Amato himself confirmed that he called Giuliani in support of reducing the sentence of Mario Gigante, a member of the Genovese crime family convicted of extortion. D'Amato also asked Giuliani to review murder charges pending against Paul Castellano, the boss of the Gambino syndicate who was later assassinated.

Craig Floyd, who heads the memorial fund, wouldn't comment on the propriety of having the mob's favorite Senator soliciting money to honor slain cops. But he says the revelation about D'Amato hasn't affected fundraising. In his letter D'Amato suggests that because cops are not fully appreciated we all should take a moment to thank them—maybe by sending a short letter to say we're "behind them 100 percent." Perhaps D'Amato could write a note to the cops who worked so hard to bust Gigante and Castellano.

■ Foreign Relations and Forgetting

D'Amato is not the only slippery member of democracy's most exclusive club. After co-sponsoring a measure to designate April 24, 1990, a national day of remembrance for the Armenian genocide of 1915-23, fifteen Senators jumped ship when the bill became the target of feverish lobbying from influential quarters. The fifteen deserve individual mention: Patrick Leahy, Don Nickles, John Breaux, David Pryor, Kit Bond, Alan Dixon, Strom Thurmond, Jim Sasser, Orrin Hatch, Bob Graham, Daniel Inouye, Richard Bryan, Howell Heflin, Sam Nunn and Bob Kasten.

Between 1 million and 2 million Armenians are estimated to have been massacred by the Ottoman Empire. Although the resolution, introduced by Senator Robert Dole in September, distinguishes between the Ottoman rulers and the current Turkish government, Ankara still vigorously opposes the measure. For help in defeating the bill Turkey turned to Israel, with which it maintains a warm relationship, and several high-priced Washington lobbyists, some connected with Jewish organizations. Eager to assist, the Israeli Embassy encouraged Jewish-American groups to oppose the bill, until an embarrassed Israeli Foreign Ministry ordered the embassy to cease such activity. But Turkey has an array of other champions: lobbying and public relations firms such as Hill and Knowlton, with which it has a $1.1 million annual contract, and International Advisers, retained for $875,000. From March through October, Morris Amitay, the former head of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC), made $5,000 a month as a consultant to International Advisers, where he lobbied—"made a few phone calls," he says—against the bill. Also on Turkey's team is Paul Berger, a prominent attorney who was retained by an unofficial leader of the Jewish community in Turkey, according to the Israeli newspaper *Ha'aretz*.

President Bush, pleading concern for U.S.-Turkish relations, is siding with the Turks. Yet only last year Bush stated, "The United States must acknowledge the attempted genocide of the Armenian people . . . if we are to insure that such horrors are not repeated. . . . The Bush Administration will never allow political pressures to prevent our denunciation of crimes against humanity, and I would join Congress in commemorating the victims."

Before planning the Final Solution, Hitler is said to have asked, "Who now remembers the Armenians?" There are some in Israel and Washington—more concerned with geopolitics, or retainers—who find it inconvenient to remember.

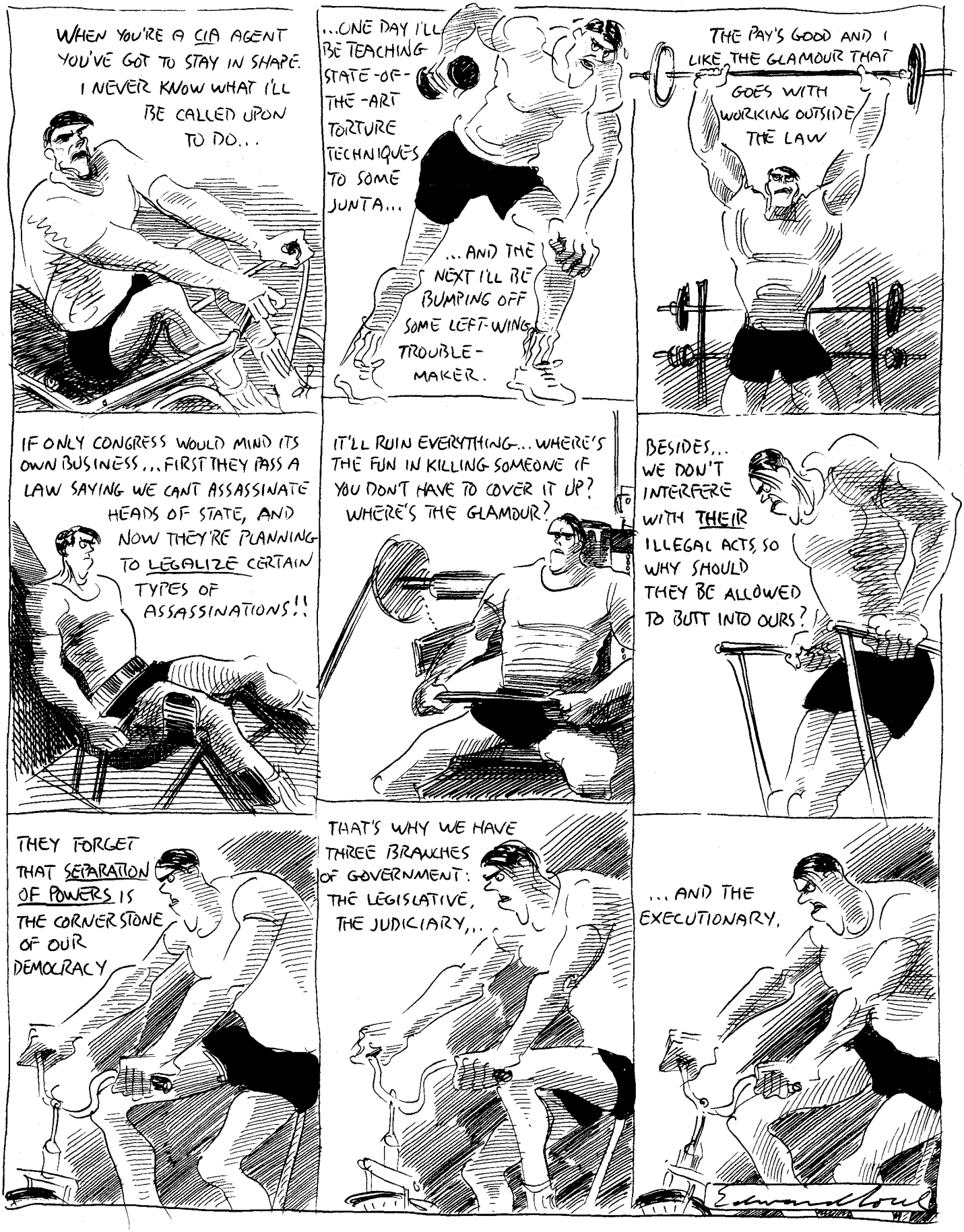
■ Making the Earth Move for a Client

The day after the California earthquake, marketing consultants for the Baby Bell phone companies rushed out a press release. "[As the] region recovers from a natural disaster," it advised, "information about the re-opening of services is key to resumption of normal activities." What's the connection between the earthquake and the Baby Bells? According to the press release, the earthquake disclosed the need for local phone companies to offer electronic information services, which can include electronic billboards, data bases, weather reports and recipe lists. These services are already provided by various vendors. But what bothers the Babies is that as a result of the A.T.&T. breakup they cannot get into this business. They are now lobbying for a bill that would allow them to enter the field. That prospect alarms consumer advocates. There's a danger that once Baby Bells, which control the local phone lines, are in the electronic information game they might discriminate against other vendors. Gene Kimmelman of the Consumer Federation of America says their entry into the business would be like the owner of an airport buying an airline. The temptation for that owner to favor its own airline may be irresistible. Consumer groups also worry that local phone companies, which Americans depend on for service, will rush headlong into what may be a risky area. But the aroma of new profits is strong, so much so that the Baby Bells and their fancy consultants saw no shame in spinning disaster into propaganda.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Checks and Balances

EDWARD SOREL


WHEN YOU'RE A CIA AGENT YOU'VE GOT TO STAY IN SHAPE. I NEVER KNOW WHAT I'LL BE CALLED UPON TO DO...
...ONE DAY I'LL BE TEACHING STATE-OF-THE-ART TORTURE TECHNIQUES TO SOME JUNTA...
...AND THE NEXT I'LL BE BUMPING OFF SOME LEFT-WING TROUBLE-MAKER.
THE PAY'S GOOD AND I LIKE THE GLAMOUR THAT GOES WITH WORKING OUTSIDE THE LAW
IF ONLY CONGRESS WOULD MIND ITS OWN BUSINESS... FIRST THEY PASS A LAW SAYING WE CAN'T ASSASSINATE HEADS OF STATE, AND NOW THEY'RE PLANNING TO LEGALIZE CERTAIN TYPES OF ASSASSINATIONS!!
IT'LL RUIN EVERYTHING... WHERE'S THE FUN IN KILLING SOMEONE IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO COVER IT UP? WHERE'S THE GLAMOUR?
BESIDES... WE DON'T INTERFERE WITH THEIR ILLEGAL ACTS, SO WHY SHOULD THEY BE ALLOWED TO BUTT INTO OURS?
THEY FORGET THAT SEPARATION OF POWERS IS THE CORNERSTONE OF OUR DEMOCRACY
THAT'S WHY WE HAVE THREE BRANCHES OF GOVERNMENT: THE LEGISLATIVE, THE JUDICIARY,..
...AND THE EXECUTIONARY.
Edward Sorel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEAT THE DEVIL.

In the Midst of Life

The place I've called home for the past year or so is a motel just off Route 1 as it heads down the Pacific coast from Santa Cruz to Watsonville. Late on the night of the earthquake a friend called me from her home near Carmel, an hour's drive south, to tell me what had happened. It was early the next day with me, since I was in southern Ireland, having just buried my mother. God was having a busy month of it. Aside from hurricane Hugo and the earthquake, He had found time to direct a few cows into the path of a train carrying pilgrims to a shrine at Knock, in County Clare. Why put the pilgrims on a train to pray to Our Lady of Knock if He was going to detain them with injuries after the train crashed into the cows? My brother said He must have planned it out, right from the moment He created Knock, centuries ago.

It was hard to get news of the earthquake's damage directly from my motel, but secondhand reports indicated it was still standing. When I got back last week the kind Dutch ladies who live next door had cleaned everything up. In my kitchen there was a bucket full of broken crockery and the remains of Robespierre's head. I had had plaster of Paris bas-reliefs of Robespierre and Saint-Just hanging on the wall. At a shock of 7.1 on the Richter scale Robespierre, who believed in the Supreme Being, plunged from the wall. Saint-Just, who probably agreed with Fouché that the words "Death is nothing but eternal sleep" should be posted at the gates of all French cemeteries, dropped too, but stayed in one piece. I could have applied to FEMA for money to buy a couple of teacups and a new Robespierre, but it didn't seem worth the trouble. Around the motel, residential and catering to the lower end of the income scale, the fear was that the owner would himself use FEMA money to upscale the place and throw everyone into the street.

A couple of days later I went for a walk round Watsonville with my friend Frank Bardacke, who's lived there for seventeen years. You would not have known it from the daily newspapers—initially at least—but Watsonville, about eighteen miles from the epicenter in the Santa Cruz Mountains, had been hit the worst. Of 765 buildings destroyed in Santa Cruz County, 333 were in Watsonville, as were 553 of the 2,438 buildings countywide suffering major damage. We walked along Lincoln Street and at first all seemed well, aside from tumbled chimneys, announcing the folly of building with brick in California. Then there'd be a swath of disaster: boarded-up windows, porches askew, red tags on the front doors indicating that the places were done for. With a house as with a person, the dividing line between life and death can be almost imperceptible. We'd look at an apparently healthy house marked with the fatal tag, and only after a minute or two see the skewed twist to the roof that meant the quake had bounced it off its foundation blocks and broken its back.

For my mother's funeral my brothers and I had rejected the vicar's suggestion that lessons be taken from some ravings in Isaiah and the Book of Revelations. My brother Patrick read the parable of the sower instead. Its lesson of prudent husbandry was cogently spelled out in Watsonville. Was it fate or carpentry that had stricken some houses and spared others? Watsonville is a Third World town, like west Oakland low on the news agenda as reporters preferred to cluster round the First World destruction in the Marina district of San Francisco. Being a Third World town Watsonville is cheaply built, and though the price of a handful of nails would have meant foundation posts securely toenailed in, a lot of the poorer houses were just resting on their pier blocks until the tremors pushed them off.

Of Whom May We Seek for Succor?

Prospect, where Frank and his family live, is a nice-looking street: typically working class in a mostly working-class farm town; single-story wood houses, a bit of lawn out front. On Frank's block the earthquake knocked out five houses, which had nine Mexican families living in them. By such a count you can reckon that Watsonville's population, officially 30,000, is probably almost twice that number. Throughout the town, garages behind Victorian, Maybeck-style houses had held families paying $400 a month to sleep among the vermin, getting their power from the main building, into which more families were crammed. So as the earth shook and the shacks fell and some of the working poor upgraded from garage slum to emergency quarters under canvas, even the local newspaper, the *Register-Pajaronian*, felt emboldened to concede that the earthquake, a "natural" disaster, had merely highlighted the entirely human disaster of a town that, by the laws of motion of late American capitalism, had long ceased to provide affordable housing for the people from whose labor the wealth of the town derived. When the tremors stopped, people saw that the earthquake had posed more strongly than ever the question, What sort of a town is Watsonville to be?

Two hours south of San Francisco, Watsonville is at the head of the most productive vegetable-growing area in the world. Between May and October each year, as the mists roll in from the Pacific, the area produces about 80 percent of the fresh vegetables consumed in the United States. But for the past ten years, as the seasons rolled by, economic pressures have been building toward upheaval just as surely as the tectonic plates grinding against each other along the fault lines through the Santa Cruz Mountains.

In the old days, a decade ago, Watsonville faced south down to the fields of the Salinas Valley whence came truckloads of vegetables into the frozen food plants. Today, as Frank wrote in the excellent local bilingual monthly *El Andar*, it lives in the shadow of San Jose, one hour north: "Computer production has crept over Highway 17 into Scotts Valley, and in the last ten years housing projects have shot up on the north side of town, peopled by folks who come to Watsonville to sleep by the Pacific Ocean, leaving low-paid computer assembly workers to live in the smog and drink the polluted water of what was once the Santa Clara Valley. We now seem to sit not at the head of the Salinas Valley but at the foot of the Valley of Silicon."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Agricultural land worth $18,000 an acre is steadily being converted into building land worth anywhere from $55,000 to $110,000 an acre. And gleaming in the eye of every booster in town is the utopia promised by the powerful manipulators of real estate: a bedroom suburb with shopping centers where once the spinach grew, the working-class pushed into joblessness or over the Coastal Range into rural slums in the Central Valley, or back into Mexico.

The Strength of Sin

In the days after the earthquake, developers in Santa Cruz County raised their eyes unto the heavens and counted the blessings of the Lord. As he strode past the shattered and condemned buildings of Pacific Garden Mall in the center of Santa Cruz, a developer named Louie Rittenhouse exulted to a reporter from the *Monterey Herald*: "We're going to bring Santa Cruz into the 20th century. As the City Council was saying the other night, some things that were tolerated in Santa Cruz will no longer be tolerated. Like panhandling and sleeping on park benches. Over is over. The earthquake shook up the old political system in Santa Cruz." The "pro-social, old growth" values, Rittenhouse proclaimed, are gone. In their place will come taller buildings, hotels of magnificence, a convention center.

In Watsonville the City Manager, John Radin, toured the streets, civil engineer in tow. Radin dreams of a Watsonville renewed in the image of Santa Rosa, a metastasizing node on the lymph glands running north from San Francisco. To observant citizens there seemed to be a politically coherent pattern to Radin's allocation of red tags. Down would go the International Senior Center for poor people, and down would go other venerable obstructions to progress. Here was the civil engineer hired by Radin ready to certify with his red tag that such was the sensible course for a city properly mindful of the life and limb of its citizenry. Let loose the wrecker's ball—as in Santa Cruz, where it took just such a ball several hours to fell the supposedly fragile landmark Cooper House.

But Radin's joy was not unalloyed. This small farm town he's been managing is politically sophisticated. A few years ago the workers in the packing houses held solid in an eighteen-month strike (marvelously recorded in Jon Silver's video *Watsonville on Strike*, available from Migrant Media, Box 2048, Freedom, CA 95019). Earlier this year the Supreme Court ruled that Watsonville's system of citywide elections was unconstitutional because it discriminated against Chicanos. Although the vast majority of the population is Mexican and Chicano, only one Chicano has sat on the City Council, and he is a real estate agent. Mandated district elections, scheduled now for December 5, promise to give some voice to the Mexican and working-class neighborhoods in the town. Many candidates have vowed to use that voice to fire City Manager Radin.

But in Watsonville, it is not the official candidates, right or left, who lead the way. After the earthquake some homeless workers planted their tents in Callaghan Park, right in the center of town, where visitors from Marilyn Quayle to Mick Jagger to Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas could spot them. City officials implored the people to remove to sanctioned refuge on the edge of town, out of sight and out of mind. The homeless stayed put. Here was the place people suspicious of government agencies could bring relief. Here was the political pressure of visible deprivation, as opposed to the obscure hell of a garage shack behind a picket fence.

I walked through the park with Frank. There was a crowd round someone who had come to hand out a load of supplies. Others were standing near the bank of public telephones where for a while after the quake people could make free calls to Mexico. Frank chatted with a friend who told him that though the people were spending their days around the tents, they were sleeping in a house across town. "Why?" Frank asked. "It's cold," the man answered matter-of-factly. As did many of Watsonville's astute inhabitants, he understood how to use symbolism. Here, with the unauthorized tent city, was an opportunity maybe to prize a trailer home out of FEMA, to coax opportunity from disaster.

Up the road in Santa Cruz the homeless similarly seized their chances. As the doors of an earthquake-relief shelter opened, they hurried in. Three days later officials booted them out, angered that a respectable disaster should be exploited in this disreputable fashion. In fact, as coverage of the earthquake in the *Workers Vanguard* for October 27 showed in colorful detail, a large part of official emergency procedures are exercises in containment of potential political upheaval. Vested authority understands the seditious solidarity generated by an earthquake, which reminds people as forcibly about social foundations as about the frailty of houses just resting on their pier blocks. The quakes in Managua and Mexico attest to that.

The Trumpet Shall Sound

Watsonville and the earthquake pose one of the central political questions of the late 1980s. The earthquake left somewhere between 2,000 and 3,000 people homeless. Meanwhile, "executive townhomes" are rising off Pennsylvania Drive at a starting price of $176,000 for two bedrooms; this in a town where by official count 17 percent of the residents live in overcrowded conditions and, as we have seen, the real figure is probably twice that.

West of Watsonville, along the sea's edge, is Sunset Beach, and the condo complex of Pajaro Dunes: mostly empty second homes of San Franciscans, sometimes rented out for corporate retreats. Between Pajaro Dunes and the town stretch artichoke fields worked by people who have nowhere to sleep but their cars. Everyone in Watsonville can see the class geography, and the quake has brought to the surface the earthly potential of an act of God. At what point should a town declare eminent domain and seize developments like Pennsylvania Drive and Pajaro Dunes to house its people? Saint-Just knew the answer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Couple of White Guys . . .

WINI BREINES

DESTRUCTIVE GENERATION: Second Thoughts About the Sixties. *By Peter Collier and David Horowitz. Summit Books. 352 pp. $21.95.*

BEYOND THE BARRICADES: The Sixties Generation Grows Up. *By Jack Whalen and Richard Flacks. Temple University Press. 310 pp. $29.95.*

The problem with reviewing *Destructive Generation: Second Thoughts About the Sixties*, by Peter Collier and David Horowitz, is that I had to read and think about it, which took time that would have been better spent in other ways. Collier and Horowitz take up time and space for people on the left, which is what they want to do. They want attention and acceptance. They even want love. This is a major theme of their book: They're palpably grateful that in contrast to ferocious leftists who have spurned and maligned them for their shift from left-wing to right-wing politics, "most conservatives were generous in their attitudes toward us." The authors want us to believe they are morally correct and have gone through some changes. They don't feel loved or appreciated now that they know the Truth about the left (maybe they never did feel loved; David never did by his father, as he makes clear). Big deal. Give me a break.

Collier and Horowitz have had second thoughts about the left, which they now understand is totalitarian and brutal, mendacious and murderous, infantile and dangerous. And, unbeknownst to everyone else in the world, it is also victorious. They end their book quoting their hero, Whittaker Chambers, to the effect that by defecting from the Communist cause he was leaving the winning for the losing side, but since truth was his guide (as it is theirs) he was morally superior to the barbarians who still believe in socialism, especially the Idea of socialism. Throughout this book Collier and Horowitz sound as though they have chosen the losing side, America, to which they feel they have finally "come home." They seem to believe themselves: The left, despite its butchery, has resurrected itself and become the most powerful force in the United States and the world, while the status quo, which they define as American democracy and freedom, lies powerless and defeated. It is the triumphant left that is responsible for all our troubles.

One of the interesting aspects of all this is that the operation and effects of American capitalism are never discussed, never even mentioned. Only Ideas of freedom and democracy are, which is precisely what they accuse the left of doing: trading in abstract notions that ultimately destroy and maim ordinary people. Collier and Horowitz never discuss the nitty-gritty of the lives of ordinary people living in the capitalist society they now so admire and whom, they charge, the left has been so willing to destroy in its single-minded pursuit of the Idea of socialism. They are themselves still pursuing Ideas in a vacuum; if one looked too closely, it would be difficult indeed to champion the beneficent effects of American equality and democracy for millions of people.

What is this all about? Why care about us? Spurned (but didn't they spurn us?), why do they insist they are superior because they tell the truth most of us are maliciously unwilling to recognize? Why is it that David Horowitz, who grew up in a Communist family in Sunnyside, New York, and Peter Collier, who grew up in Southern California, sound as if they had been tortured in a gulag and were left vegetating, sick and forgotten, in a Communist jail for years? Why is it they also knew the truth twenty years ago and were fanatics on the side of the Panthers and other vaguely suspicious and sectarian political groups on the left, and now they are fanatics on the right? From an uncritical ideological left-wing world view they have moved to an uncritical ideological right-wing world view. There are few subtleties here. What can we learn from this *The God That Failed* of the late 1980s?

First, and perhaps most important, they help us to recognize that for the New Left of the 1960s, there was not a god, except for people, usually men, like Collier and Horowitz. There was a centralized and hierarchical Communist Party for leftists of their parents' generation, which Horowitz uses to indict his own parents; but there was not for most of us who were New Leftists. There has not been a mass phenomenon of leaving the party or becoming an unbeliever, because most of us never belonged to a party or believed in a god. The New Left and student movement were decentralized, antihierarchical, even disorganized, for which they are still criticized.

As I have written elsewhere, the image created by the mostly white male leftists who write about the New Left is one that is inaccurate for the ordinary students who "joined" the New Left during the 1960s. Most of those activists were not leaders or sectarians. Many were women. Many were dubious at the end of the decade about the politics of the Weathermen, about violence, elitism, Marxism-Leninism and vanguards. They continued to believe in participatory democracy, in a foreign policy in which the United States would not be involved in the internal affairs of other countries, and that capitalism did not foster democracy or freedom or equality. There were numerous New Leftists who were simultaneously antiracist and not uncritical of the Panthers. As *Beyond the Barricades: The Sixties Generation Grows Up*, by Jack Whalen and Richard Flacks, shows (along with other books on the New Left) many former New Leftists continued in the 1970s and 1980s to work in grass-roots organizations and to live in ways they considered ecologically and humanistically sound. Many former activists remain poor, living on the margins, because of their political values. They can hardly be construed as totalitarians whose entire lives have been constructed around falsehood and duplicity. In fact, Whalen and Flacks show that, far from being the ideological fanatics of Collier and Horowitz's imaginations, mowing down everything and everyone in their path in pursuit of socialism, many 1960s activists still struggle to find modest vocational and political directions that are sustaining and meaningful.

What drops out of the picture in this account of the "madness" of the late 1960s—in which, it is relevant to point

Wini Breines teaches sociology and women's studies at Northeastern University in Boston. Her book The Great Refusal: Community and Organization in the New Left *was recently reissued by Rutgers University Press with a new preface.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out, Collier and Horowitz were deeply implicated, more enthusiastic than many of us (Horowitz acknowledges that his zeal for the Panthers prevented him from seeing their "true" nature, which he suggests was thuggery and murder; thus he helped to send a friend to her death at their hands)—is the diversity of the movement and the despair generated by the U.S. government. There is never a word from Collier and Horowitz about the depravity of the war in Vietnam, the racism that spurred the civil rights movement and ghetto uprisings, the violence of the police and government. This brings us to the question of why their discovery of the crimes of Communism (the Soviet Union, Cuba, Vietnam, Nicaragua) would make them love the United States. The trajectory from a critique of Communist societies to an embrace of American capitalism is not self-evident. There were many New Leftists who were anti-Stalinist but not boosters of the United States. Here again Whalen and Flacks provide an antidote by interviewing students who participated in or witnessed the burning of the Bank of America branch in Santa Barbara in 1970. The authors chronicle that the students were affected by the experience (not by an Idea) for years afterward. The enormous political shift personified by Collier and Horowitz is uncharacteristic.

There is barely a woman in Collier and Horowitz's world of New Leftists and second thoughters, except for a few victims at the hands of blacks. These include Betty Van Patter, the woman who was murdered by the Panthers, and a naïve white childhood friend of Horowitz's who devoted her life to teaching black children and was murdered by a black youth she had tried to help. (She actually *trusted* black people, and her husband left her because of it. To show her trust, she left the door of her Englewood, New Jersey, house open, endangering her children and herself—a single mother whose husband had been driven away and who was thus unable to protect his family. The moral of this story for Horowitz is not hard to figure.) The racism and sexism of the authors' sensibilities are staggering. There is the chapter on the Weathermen, which pruriently blames almost everything on Bernadine Dohrn's sexiness and sexual instrumentalism.

More complicated than their obvious sexism is the phenomenon of men taking up a lot of space. These are two white men who think of themselves as very important. They want everybody (especially on the left) to listen to them. They want utter silence and respect for their version of the Truth. (No titters.) And they want to be accepted and loved while they are bashing the rest of us, who still believe there can be a better society (people treated equally, no discrimination, equal chances and opportunities, tolerance, civic consciousness, ecological respect and so on). It's guys like this, maybe even these very guys, who played a significant role in creating the women's liberation movement of the late 1960s. You've heard it before—men who didn't listen to other people, who needed to be recognized as leaders, who thought of themselves as central to the movement, who didn't pay much attention to the rest of us but who had a deep need for attention themselves. Lots of New Left women got fed up with men like this. That's how they make me feel now. Because they haven't changed one iota.

It's an interesting thing about gender. My impression is that 1960s women handled disappointment differently. There appear to be few former New Left women who identify themselves as Disillusioned. Most women don't go over to the other side or package themselves as Those Who Have Second Thoughts. This may have a lot to do with the fact that the women's movement still exists and is politically fighting life-and-death battles. For some the women's and gay movements still provide community, analysis and intellectual stimulation. But it is not only that. There's a certain humility that comes from not being a member of the most powerful group in the world that shields women, and people of color, from delusions of grandeur. So many of the retrospective accounts of the 1960s by white males are self-involved and self-dramatizing. I suspect that one of the reasons there are so many fewer accounts by women and black people of their movements is not only because there are fewer academics and writers among them but because they have fewer illusions.

But it is not only women who continue to be activists, who have more realistic aspirations about what they can accomplish without giving up entirely or shifting allegiances, as Whalen and Flacks make clear (as does another book, *Freedom Summer*, by Doug McAdam, which was reviewed February 13 in these pages by Nicolaus Mills). By focusing on a significant event at the end of the 1960s and following participants into the 1980s, these authors provide a more re-

Simone Weil
An Intellectual Biography
Gabriella Fiori
Translated by
Joseph R. Berrigan

"A wondrously illuminative book"—*Booklist.*
Teacher, activist, and worker, Simone Weil felt every intellectual and political current that swept through Europe yet was carried away by none of them. Against the backdrop of interwar France, *Simone Weil* examines Weil's fiery, complex thought—her "madness for truth" in Camus's words—unfolding the mysteries of a passionately led, self-destructive life. *10 illustrations* $35.00

Fire and Grace
The Life of
Rose Pastor Stokes
Arthur Zipser and
Pearl Zipser

In *Fire and Grace*, Arthur and Pearl Zipser trace the life of Rose Pastor Stokes, a prominent member of the Socialist party in the early twentieth century. From her work as a cigarmaker in a Cleveland factory to her close friendships with such socialist luminaries as Upton Sinclair, Maxim Gorky, Rockwell Kent, and John Reed, *Fire and Grace* presents a woman who dedicated her life to fighting for "a world in which there will be no unemployment, hunger, insecurity, or war." *17 illustrations* $35.00

The University of GEORGIA Press
Athens, Georgia 30602

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alistic assessment of how difficult it is to remain politically active in American society but how people struggle to do so. Their frame is not the big picture of the left versus the right, of falsehood versus truth, but rather how, without institutional bases and structures in which to participate, Americans are left to themselves to fashion politically relevant lives. Often former activists founder and often they blame themselves for not being political (another version of American individualism). But the point here is that they were changed by the 1960s (and it is crucial *when* individuals became radicalized in that decade, there being an enormous difference, for example, between the Port Huron cohort and those who were radicalized in and by 1968, 1969 and 1970) and continue to believe not so much in the totalitarian Idea of socialism as Collier and Horowitz would have it but in making life in the United States more decent and a little less mean for themselves and others. A focus on the less grandiose, the effort to combine making a life and making history, in Whalen and Flacks's terms, is a more useful way to proceed day by day, intellectually and politically, than are the inflated rhetoric and expectations of men like Collier and Horowitz, who portray themselves as victims and dupes of the left but whose problems more obviously stem from growing up white, male and privileged in American society. □

The Rhyme Scheme

THOMAS M. DISCH

"Eighty years ago, or even half that number," queries critic J.D. McClatchy, "what did the fledgling poet face? A few lions, the long shelf, the solitary charge. And today? A babble and an industry." A babble because "there is no national standard, no single voice with which our poets aspire to speak." McClatchy allows as how diversity may be a good thing, but in practice he doesn't have much truck with it. The individual writers he celebrates in the main body of this collection of essays, *White Paper: On Contemporary American Poetry*, represent McClatchy's own sense of a national standard and a single voice, or if not quite that, then two well-harmonized choruses, one celestial (Lowell, Bishop, Berryman, Plath), the other our most Augustan elders (Merrill, Howard, Hollander, Clampitt, Hecht). In unraveling the varied relevances of a favorite poem, McClatchy is an accomplished analyst, but as a polemicist presenting his "white paper" on the condition of poetry he comes across as simply another defender of the canonical against the hordes outside the gate.

In lamenting the influence of the poetry workshops, which are now a feature of virtually every college and university, with a faculty, accordingly, of several thousand nationwide—each a published poet with at least one slim volume behind him or her—McClatchy is scarcely alone. Joseph Epstein published an essay in the August 1988 *Commentary* titled "Who Killed Poetry?" which also blames the creative writing industry for an unwanted plethora of poetry such that it has become impossible to observe the decorums of rank and precedence. This essay was reprinted in the industry's own trade paper, the Associated Writing Programs' *Chronicle*, where the creative writers were allowed to respond, which they did with various degrees of outrage and wounded dignity. "Living poetry," declared Toi Derricotte, "is made up of those taking the risk, not those making judgments about whether or not poetry is alive." Not all the symposiasts took Derricotte's closed-shop approach, but almost all of them shared, with Epstein and McClatchy, the mistaken assumption that the purpose of creative writing courses is to train armies of accomplished poets and novelists.

IN THIS REVIEW

WHITE PAPER: On Contemporary American Poetry. *By J.D. McClatchy. Columbia University Press. 351 pp. $39.50.*

POETS FOR LIFE: 76 Poets Respond to AIDS. *Edited by Michael Klein. Crown. 244 pp. $18.95.*

GOD HUNGER. *By Michael Ryan. Viking. 79 pp. $17.95.*

Creative writing courses have many legitimate raisons d'être, but they can't teach anyone to be a first-class poet. Indeed, by inculcating a proficiency in the current fashionable style, they may well encourage those talents with too ready a knack for emulation. And talent of the larger sort doesn't need workshops, as the history of literature bears ample witness. Teaching creative writing has another purpose: In school systems that offer no formal training in rhetoric or elocution, a poetry "workshop" is often the only school for eloquence.

Learning to write with eloquence—i.e., with wit, feeling and a bit of flair—is an empowering experience, and one that should be part of everyone's education. Kenneth Koch has shown in his books about teaching young children and nursing-home residents to write poetry that everyone *can* do it. Creative writing courses serve many of the same educational purposes as athletic programs. They channel excess energies to harmless, healthful purposes, promote a sense of well-being and develop real skills. They also encourage a portion of the students to suppose they can be contenders; inevitably, those who don't make it into the major leagues often stay on at the universities to conduct the athletic departments and the writing workshops.

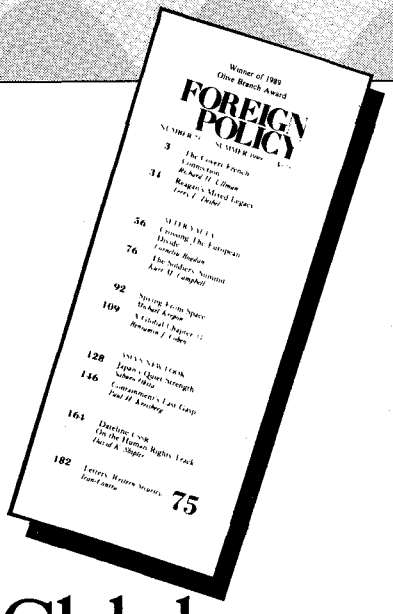
The difference is that in poetry the process of elimination and ranking is less decisive than in sports. It has become the kind of noncompetitive contest in which every child goes home with a prize. Criticism is often an exchange of favors and courtesies, written in the bloated language of blurbs, as when Stanley Kunitz, the master of the meaningless encomium, praises the (innocuous at best) poems of Michael Ryan as "boldly conceived, with an unsparing honesty and a clarity of focus that invest them with a shattering reality." This form of positive thinking extends even to critics as capable as Helen Vendler, who never discusses what she can't applaud. McClatchy is even more remiss in this regard, since his position paper lambastes only nameless mediocrities and sneers, by allusion, at poets he ought to name—at "mad housewives, Detroit factory workers and Vietnam veterans" and their "unrelieved tedium of speechliness."

It can be a tedious business to criticize the work of tedious poets, but if one disdains to do so, one should not be surprised to find them in time decked with the praises of a Stanley Kunitz and weighted with the prizes that poets give one another. The sensible thing to do in this situation, and what most readers of a literary bent have already done, is to deal with poetry as with other no-longer-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Offer

The many faces of FOREIGN POLICY



Global Reach, National Authority

Drawings by Vint Lawrence for FOREIGN POLICY.

EXPLORED

Explore the changing facets of America's role in world affairs with FOREIGN POLICY magazine, the award-winning journal that's long been in the vanguard of international journals for people shaping the world debate.

CHALLENGED

Challenge established opinions on critical issues with articles by first-rate authors, qualified to investigate every angle. Is the US aiding the French nuclear arms effort despite policies prohibiting such a relationship? Is US policy on drugs the *best* policy for dealing with the drug epidemic? Recent articles in FOREIGN POLICY questioned current thought on these issues and actually helped stir the debate on the drug conflict.

And join the significant number of FOREIGN POLICY's readers who influence policy in Congress, the State Department, the Pentagon, and around the world. Readers like

Thomas Foley, Charles Krauthammer and Zbigniew Brzezinski all consider FOREIGN POLICY required reading because of its global reach and national authority.

DETERMINED

Try FOREIGN POLICY now at the special introductory offer for Americans who demand to be fully informed and know what's happening on all sides of the American foreign policy front.

INTRODUCE YOURSELF TO FOREIGN POLICY NOW AND SAVE 26%.

☐ One Year ~~$23~~ $24 -- $16.95
Save $6.05

☐ Payment Enclosed ☐ Bill Me
☐ Charge my:
☐ VISA ☐ AmEx ☐ MasterCard

Name_____ Card No. _____

Address_____ Exp. Date_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____ Signature_____

Send to: FOREIGN POLICY • PO Box 984 • Farmingdale, NY 11737

7NA9B

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

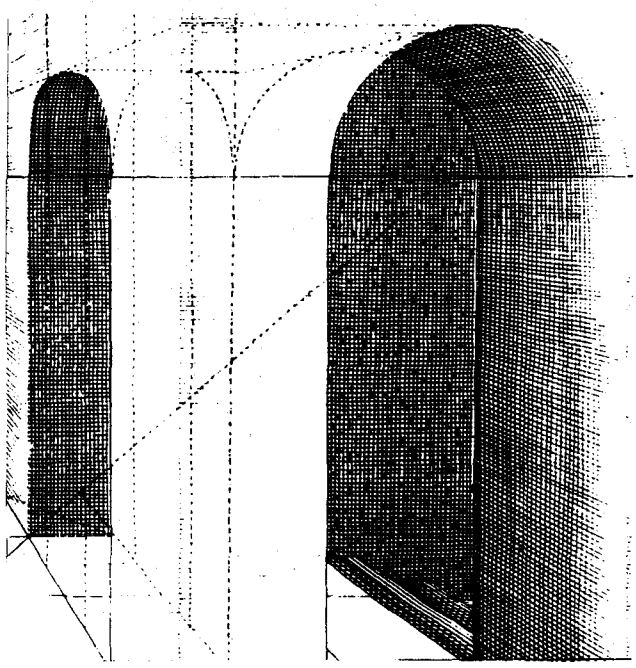
living arts: Reserve it for those holidays of the spirit when one takes a favorite classic volume down from the shelf, blows off the dust and is delectated.

In some respects all poets are equal, and the anthology *Poets for Life* illustrates the most unarguable of those respects. It contains poems on the theme of AIDS by seventy-six poets of the most varied backgrounds and capabilities. Many are elegies for specific victims of the plague. A few of the poems might pass the McClatchy litmus test for formal beauty, but many—including McClatchy's "The Landing"—strain to rise to a solemn occasion and fall flat. Many more are stiff or shrill: A good elegy is at least as hard to write as a note of condolence. A few are bathetic and whiny. But I can't imagine any critic considering *Poets for Life* as suitable grist for the critical mill. The book possesses a documentary force that transcends aesthetics. Like the great AIDS quilt, the book becomes a kind of metaphor for the mass grave the plague is busy filling.

Grief is by no means the only equalizer in the republic of letters, only the one least likely to be controverted. Any sincere emotion, expressed with candor and a modicum of skill, commands a humane if not always an aesthetic respect. And this is precisely the kind of poetry encouraged by the workshops, a poetry of naïve, earnest self-expression and self-discovery, endeavors that have an undoubted role in the educational process, regardless of the merits of the poems that may be their byproducts. Indeed, a heart worn candidly on one's sleeve is one of the best devices known to avert the evil eye of critics.

Which brings us to Michael Ryan, whose third collection, *God Hunger*, was so lavishly praised by Stanley Kunitz. Ryan strikes me as the very model of the workshop poet, in the pejorative sense. He comes with many laurels: His first book was nominated for a National Book Award; his second was selected for the National Poetry Series. This book is published by Viking, and its poems have appeared in such venues as *Poetry*, *The New Yorker*, *The Nation* and *American Poetry Review*, where Ryan is a regular contributor. Despite all this, so large has the kingdom of poetry grown that I'd not heard of Ryan before reading *God Hunger*, and I can take an oath that my poor opinion of his poems is based strictly on their internal evidence. Yet, since Ryan writes about almost nothing except himself and his various foul moods, from self-pity to reproachfulness, it is hard to speak of his poems as though they had an existence independent of his personality as he has chosen to dramatize it. In disliking his poems I feel I am disliking a person, and this bespeaks a kind of mimetic achievement: Were Ryan a worse poet, one might have less cause to dislike the self he depicts.

Ryan is often concerned to show himself in his uniform as a poet, as when, in his account of "Meeting Cheever" (Iowa City, 1973), he sees himself as a "wounded-by-the-world angry young poet/who became me as strangely as years become today." In another poem reproaching a doppelgänger who committed suicide, we see the same face in the mirror: "a pushy kid who loved poetry,/one more young man alone in his distress." Ryan the Wounded Poet truly comes into his own in the book's longest poem, "A Burglary," which begins with a moment of immortal false modesty: "It was only of my studio at Yaddo/a twenty-by-twenty cabin in the woods/whose walls are nearly all windows, and all they got was a typewriter



MAURICE BLANCHOT

THE SPACE OF LITERATURE

Translated, with an Introduction, by Ann Smock

"*The Space of Literature* makes the thought of one of the most eminent French literary critics accessible to the American reader in a handsomely printed edition. Blanchot's reflections on literature, the why and how of writing and reading, an the relationship of writing and death, leitmotiv of all his work, have influenced modern critical thought and theory from Derrida and Sollers to leadeing American critics." – *Choice*. "Fascinating, and frequently uncanny, meditations." – *Year's Work in English Studies*. "An authoritative analysis of the creative act." – *Library Journal*. Now available in paperback. $10.95 paper, $23.50 cloth

Also by Maurice Blanchot, translated by Ann Smock
The Writing of the Disaster
$7.95 paper, $19.95 cloth

available at bookstores or from **NEBRASKA**
University of Nebraska Press · 901 N 17 · Lincoln 68588-0520

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and stereo." Ryan admits this is "a loss/which even to me did not sound great/within the world's constant howl of misery," but he is wretched anyhow, and can substantiate his woe with a quotation from Hannah Arendt's *Thinking*:

> with my underscoring and stars in the margin—
> "Solitude is being with oneself. Loneliness
> is being with no one."—I felt again
> a desolation I had almost forgotten.
> At Yaddo I could hear it whisper
> like the voice of another person
> mocking all I said outwardly calm or kind,
> and for months, teaching classes or at dinner with friends,
> my mind might blank as if slammed
> by a wave, and I'd struggle to pretend
> I wasn't somersaulting underwater
> unable to breathe.

Ryan escapes his desolation by attending a party to which he'd been invited by two dentists' wives he'd met at a local disco. At the party,

> The guests were all dentists, their wives, and hygienists;
> all had long been curious about Yaddo
> which stands like a Vatican in their midst.
> In twos and threes, all twenty of them talked to me
> ("You're a poet? What do you *do*?"),
> and someone's unemployed kid brother
> who could have passed for Arthur Bremer
> recited his own personal poems to me
> endlessly. I tilted my ear toward him and listened.
> I thought this something I could do.
> Maybe for this reason, if for no other,
> everyone came to seem to feel pleasure
> in my being there. I began enjoying myself, too,
> until we heard, from the den this time,
> the host dentist screaming at his wife:
> "What the hell are you doing inviting to our *home*
> some strange guy you met in a bar?
> To humiliate me? Or are you crazy?"

Ryan considers sticking around but, recalling a knife fight he'd witnessed in a Mexican movie theater, thinks better of it and goes back to the disco, where he guzzles "shot after shot of bourbon" and then drives back drunk to Yaddo, where, switching to six-packs, he drinks till dawn. At the end of the poem he learns that the dentist whose party he'd visited is divorcing his wife. The tone throughout the poem, throughout the book, is self-aggrandizing, lachrymose and condescending toward all who are dentists and not poets (but who, even so, must see Yaddo as "a Vatican").

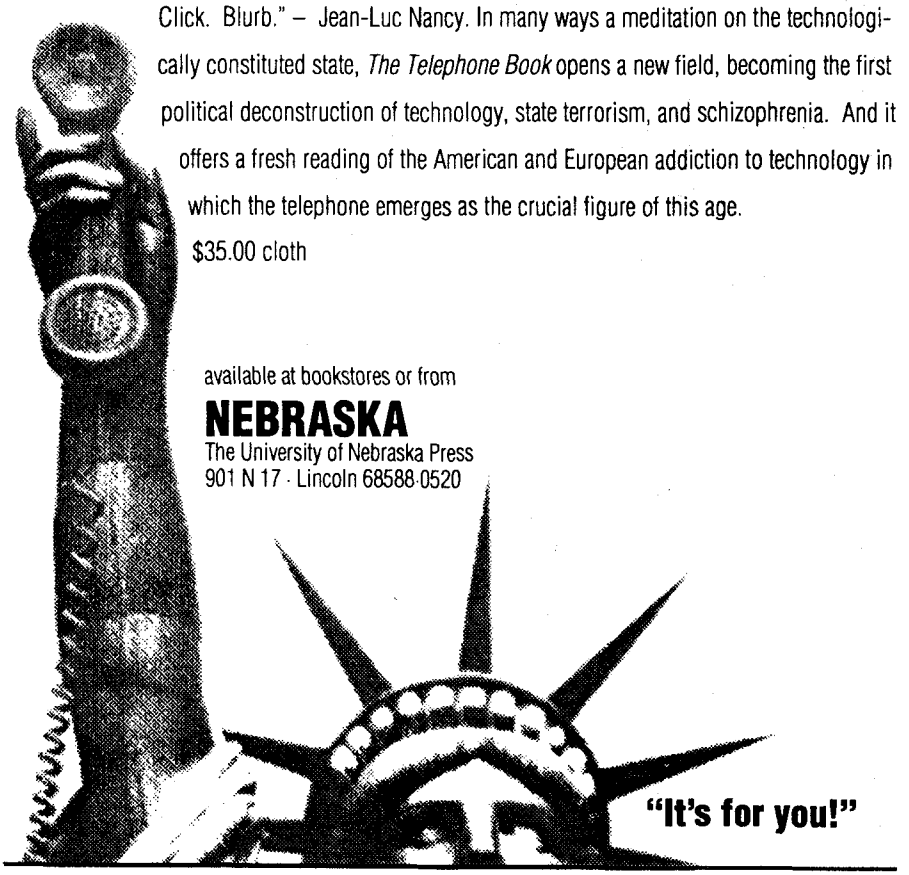
And these qualities, I would submit, are precisely the ones that have won Michael Ryan the approval of his peers. For if self-portraiture and self-mythologizing are his only competence, then it must be that the self Ryan exhibits is one that registers as not only viable but worthy of emulation. And it is not an unfamiliar myth: the hard drinking, the hints of having been a brawler, the womanizing and litanies of reproach to the women who won't put out but just lie there: "your luminous eyes wide open, three miles deep in yourself/ rooted in poison." This is Hemingway country, denuded though it may be of those narrative virtues that make Hemingway worth reading, but even this territory is considered genuinely admirable by some readers, because they either live there or suppose they'd like to. In pop music there is Bon Jovi and Guns n' Roses; in the movies there's Chuck Norris and Sean Penn; in poetry there is Michael Ryan, and doubtless many more.

In the prospect of eternity, to which

AVITAL RONELL
THE TELEPHONE BOOK
TECHNOLOGY · SCHIZOPHRENIA · ELECTRIC SPEECH

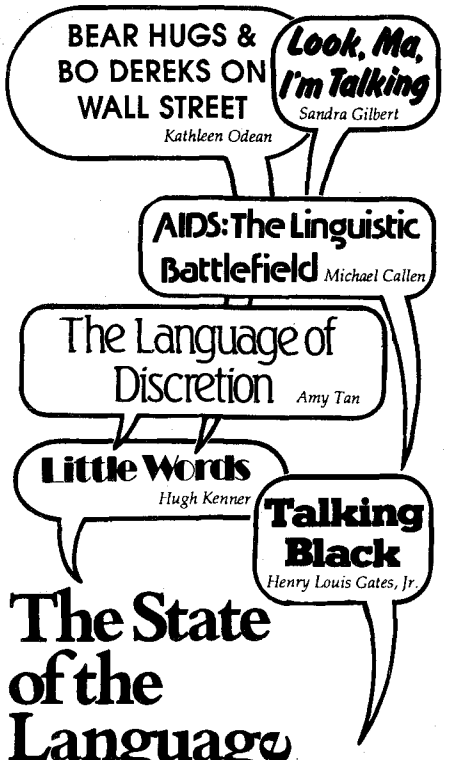
"With *The Telephone Book*, the deconstruction of 'phonocentrism' takes an unheard-of turn: Heidegger and Derrida are joined by Alexander Graham ("Ma") Bell in a party line that leaves one's ears (and eyes) ringing." – Samuel Weber, International Operator. "Her concern is located not in the instrumentality of technology with its good and bad points, but in unfolding the presence of technology in discourse, as discourse, or as the silence hidden within discourse. Beep. Click. Blurb." – Jean-Luc Nancy. In many ways a meditation on the technologically constituted state, *The Telephone Book* opens a new field, becoming the first political deconstruction of technology, state terrorism, and schizophrenia. And it offers a fresh reading of the American and European addiction to technology in which the telephone emerges as the crucial figure of this age.

$35.00 cloth



available at bookstores or from
NEBRASKA
The University of Nebraska Press
901 N 17 · Lincoln 68588-0520

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The State of the Language

1990 Edition

Edited by Christopher Ricks & Leonard Michaels

A book for "people who care about language, not the guardians but the lovers (who) will find this collection a treat, fresh and vigorous, full of ideas," wrote Robert Kirsch in the *Los Angeles Times* of the first edition of this book, published on 1 January 1980.

Exactly a decade later, here is the book anew, with the same editors but with fifty fresh contributors writing essays and poems that engage our language today.

Published in association with the English-Speaking Union, *The State of the Language* is a gift you will want to give yourself--and anyone else who would like a better understanding of the many English languages that flourish side by side today.

$25.00 at bookstores or order toll-free 1-800-822-6657.
Visa & MasterCard only.

University of California Press

Berkeley Los Angeles New York

poetry properly belongs, it doesn't make a scrap of difference. Cream generally rises, and when it does not, it isn't for lack of room at the top.

Why bother panning the likes of *God Hunger* at all, in that case? Because sometimes, as one watches the emperor's latest fashion show or reads reports of it in the press, it is reassuring to hear someone else echo one's own sense of the event. This can't be done for *every* show, just as one could not work up a passion of indignation over each headline reporting on perpetual scandals such as Watergate or HUD. I also feel that every critic is obligated to give his or her aversions at least a regular airing, if not equal time with the enthusiasms, for to do otherwise is to take part in a conspiracy of silence. □

Post Doc

HERBERT GOLD

THE RAINY SEASON: Haiti Since Duvalier. *By Amy Wilentz. Simon & Schuster. 408 pp. $19.95.*

During the hectic time of the phony election campaign of January 1988, which put another ephemeral President in place in Haiti, I briefly met a young reporter, Amy Wilentz, who was then at work on *The Rainy Season: Haiti Since Duvalier.* It was a period of both meaningless and meaningful violence, sudden fires, explosions and mutilated bodies left in the streets near the hotel in downtown Port-au-Prince where most of the journalists were staying. Quite prudently, a number of the foreign reporters hung around the bar and coffee shop, waiting to ask those who ventured out, "What happened? Can I buy you a drink? What's happened today?" Amy Wilentz, dusty, gray-faced with fatigue, passed through the hotel on her daily rounds.

"She's working," I said to a veteran journalist, "unlike you guys."

"You wanna know the typical foreign correspondent's send?" he asked. "*'I was horrified today to see that. . . . Pick up wire service.'*"

The result of Wilentz's obsession is this close and passionate report on the desolation of contemporary Haiti—winningly precise, angry and witty, committed, a model of first-person journalism as art. Therefore it includes, of course, the personal interpretations with which any expert might quarrel. My own experience in Haiti leads me to disagree with details, but that's not what matters here. This reporter is alive and has been able to bring her appreciation of both Haiti's weirdness and pathos onto the page. The hero of her story, the charismatic Father Jean-Bertrand Aristide—a tiny, skinny, courageous, neurasthenic, defiant, eloquent, much-loved, much-hated, left-leaning orator priest—comes through her detailed account with his mystery intact, as in a good novel. In historical fact, a student might become a convert to his cause, as Wilentz seems to be; but she also gives the diligent reader enough evidence to support the view that here might stand another ambiguous trickster guru. Haiti being the place it is, Father Aristide (nicknamed "Titid") could be martyred before his trajectory is complete and defined.

Much of the wit in this book is at the expense of American policy and practice, as when Wilentz quotes U.S. Ambassador Brunson McKinley defending the Embassy's failure to protest the pervasive and terrifying human rights violations under the post-Duvalier junta. Such things were "part of the culture. . . . their tradition," he said, as if torture is a sort of folkloric exercise. "Most things that are done by the Haitian government are done by gosh and by golly. . . . It's pretty primitive out there."

This made me feel nostalgic for President Eisenhower's newly appointed Ambassador when I lived in Haiti. Honored at a banquet given by the Haitian State Department, sensing a necessity to respond to an elaborate and elegant toast to his health and good success, he rose from his chair (with some difficulty) and launched into a stirring vocal rendition of "Old Black Joe."

Ambassador McKinley explained that "anyone can make a statement about human rights. . . . Repetition becomes boring." And then Wilentz writes:

> Every working day at four-thirty or five o'clock, Ambassador McKinley goes horseback riding at the stables at

Herbert Gold's most recent novels are A Girl of Forty *and* Dreaming *(Donald I. Fine). His book* Travels in San Francisco *(Arcade Publishing–Little, Brown) will be published in February.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Delmas 33, in breeches, boots and riding cap.

She also doesn't neglect the unique glow of Haiti's Franco-African-Colonial-Creole *délire verbale*, citing everyone's friend, Aubelin Jolicoeur, on the subject of Michèle Bennett, the thieving, chain-smoking, coke-infested bride of Jean-Claude Duvalier, *a k a* Baby Doc, *a k a* Furniture Face. "This woman and her generous heart . . . represent the only things before which I melt: beauty, intelligence, kindness in charity, as well as the children to whose well-being," and blah, blah, blah in the fashion to which this clever and not self-deluded man has devoted himself since the days when Graham Greene depicted him as Petit Pierre in *The Comedians*. Verbal delirium seems to be an inexhaustible natural resource.

The Rainy Season, a close study of the past few years, manages to weave in the necessary connective history, depicting such persistent Haitian habits as the politics of "doubling" (elite mulatto manipulators working with black front men) or the relation of the Duvalier Tonton Macoute thugs to the Cagoulards and the Zinglins of earlier times. In a succession of vivid incidents, Wilentz shows how the persistent wounds of slavery and colonialism remain in unstable, unhealed conflict with fierce Haitian pride as the first black nation of modern times, created by a slave revolt that won freedom—a kind of freedom, anyway—from Napoleon at the height of his power. Palm trees, cannons and drums, the insignia of the Haitian coat of arms, evoke more than a few ambiguities—Africa, voodoo and continual struggle in the former "pearl of the Antilles," now rapidly becoming an eroded mountain desert, "crumpled in the hand of God," as a Creole proverb says.

The list of Haiti's sufferings seems endless. In the early 1950s, there was a complicated and corrupt golden age—a flowering of the arts and tourism, a bizarre foreign colony of adventurers, castaways, do-gooders and predators, a regime that seems jolly in retrospect. The major problem seemed to be overpopulation. There were more than 3 million people.

Now the population is nearly 7 million; the forests are almost gone; "fertile" does not apply to the land. There is the thirty-year desolation of the Duvalier kleptocracy. There is AIDS. There has been the flight of talent (for example, a Haitian cardiac surgeon has come to

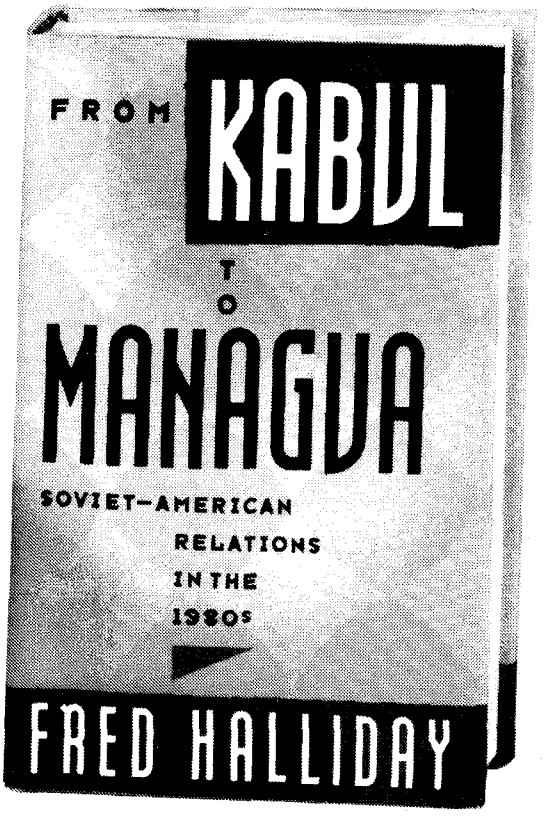
"A brilliant and crucially important analysis

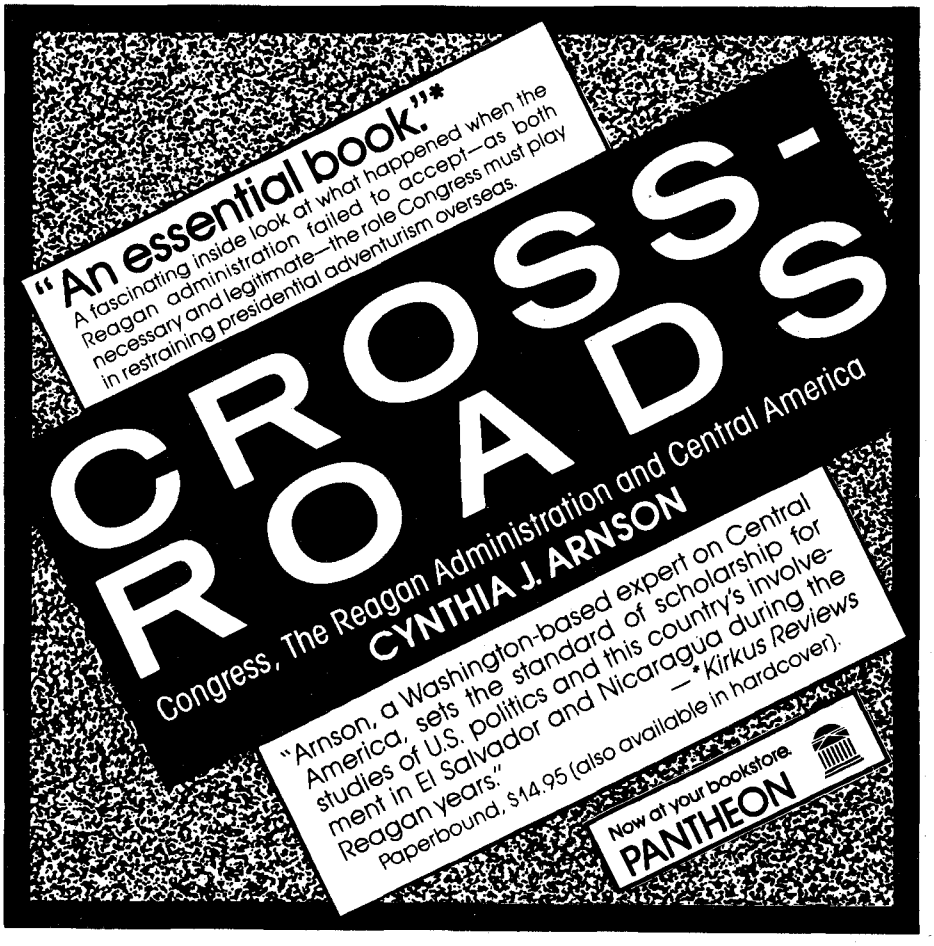
of the new turns in superpower politics in the Bush-Gorbachev era."
—Richard J. Barnet, Institute for Policy Studies

"An extraordinarily rich insight into the triangular relationship between the United States, the Soviet Union, and the Third World."
—Michael Klare, Hampshire College

"An admirably succinct and convincing...antidote to all those who tell us that peace is now breaking out all over the world."
—George Black, editor at *The Nation* and author of *The Good Neighbor*

Paperbound, $11.95 (also available in hardcover).
Now at your bookstore.
PANTHEON




"An essential book."*
A fascinating inside look at what happened when the Reagan administration failed to accept—as both necessary and legitimate—the role Congress must play in restraining presidential adventurism overseas.
CROSS-ROADS
Congress, The Reagan Administration and Central America
CYNTHIA J. ARNSON
"Arnson, a Washington-based expert on Central America, sets the standard of scholarship for studies of U.S. politics and this country's involvement in El Salvador and Nicaragua during the Reagan years."
—*Kirkus Reviews*
Paperbound, $14.95 (also available in hardcover).
Now at your bookstore.
PANTHEON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
ZHIVAGO
POEMS
Translated with a
Guide to their Meaning
by
Barbara Everest

OWN THE BREAKTHROUGH TRANSLATION IN THE PASTERNAK ARCHIVES!

This long-needed translation finally allows the English-language reader to experience Zhivago's uplifting message.

An accompanying guide to the poems solves the thirty-year puzzle of why the chapter of poems appeared at the conclusion of the novel.

READ THE STUDY WHICH IS CAPTIVATING SOVIET ADMIRERS OF PASTERNAK!

This is the definitive English-language study which finally frees Zhivago from the demeaning biases of Cold War thinking.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!
Use coupon below.
EARLY ORDER DISCOUNT!

PLEASE SEND ME _____ COPY(IES) of THE ZHIVAGO POEMS Translated with a Guide by Barbara Everest.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Please enclose a check to AEGINA PRESS for $8.95* plus $1.25 for postage and handling for each copy ordered.
*$6.75 if ordered before 12/15/89!

Send coupon with check to:
AEGINA PRESS, Inc.
59 Oak Lane
SPRING VALLEY
HUNTINGTON, WV 25704

practice near my home in San Francisco). There is the cocaine traffic. While Amy Wilentz seems to feel despair for the fate of a unique and gifted people, she has the strength to rage at the dying of the light. If books can help, hers is a helper. In any case, *The Rainy Season* is an engrossing account. □

Straddling the Fault

PETER SCHRAG

WEST OF THE WEST: Imagining California. *Edited by Leonard Michaels, David Reid and Raquel Scherr. North Point Press. 332 pp. $22.95.*

One doesn't have to look beyond the day's news to understand why so much writing about California continues to lurch between the utopian and the apocalyptic. In recent years—long before the October earthquake made the Nimitz Freeway something more than a local byword for hazardous commuting—the tilt has turned sharply toward the dark side of things. But of course it's impossible to have the one without the other. Gardens inevitably have their serpents, and dreams of gold and sunshine—themselves linked in the alchemic mythology that drove the conquistadors' search for El Dorado—were always likely to draw something other than prosaically reasonable people.

Inevitably, *West of the West: Imagining California*, the pieces assembled here by Leonard Michaels, David Reid and Raquel Scherr, nearly all of them from published works, is bemused by the counterpoint between the paradisiacal and the demonic. Writing about the place that still calls itself the Golden State is impossible without reference to it, and this is nothing if not a splendid sample: Mary Austin, Frank Norris, Allen Ginsberg, Robinson Jeffers, Walt Whitman, Joan Didion, Henry Miller, Carey McWilliams, Maxine Hong Kingston, Simone de Beauvoir, Shiva Naipaul and a couple of dozen others, some well known, some not. Indeed, if the editors of this book committed one major flaw, it's in identifying their authors only by name and, except for the copyright dates and sources (listed in the acknowledgments in the back), giving no particulars about the pieces, not even a clear indication of whether they're fact or fiction.

There are, in addition, a couple of unfortunate omissions on the list of excerpts. There is nothing here by either Raymond Chandler or Nathanael West, who, between them, probably did more to discover and describe the demons in California's garden than any other writers; and while there is a gorgeous little piece by Carey McWilliams about the climatic and (by metaphorical extension) spiritual geography of southern California (both, despite appearances, semiarid), McWilliams's much more significant writing about the unique configuration of the Central Valley, a place of industrial agriculture with few real farm towns, is left out.

Still, almost every other significant writer on California—as dream and reality—is represented. They depict the beauty of the land and the seductiveness of the climate, the wonderful things that have sometimes been made of it, especially in San Francisco, and the craziness and violence that have so often grown out of the place. Julian Marias writes on California as paradise, Herb Caen on San Francisco as Baghdad-by-the-Bay. Miller sings of the beauty of Big Sur and Jack Kerouac of its fearsomeness. Gretel Ehrlich reports on the internment of Japanese Americans in World War II, Vincent Bugliosi on the Manson murders, Randall Sullivan on the punkers and ratpackers of the San Fernando Valley, Mario Savio (badly) on why it happened at Berkeley, Steinbeck on the wet years that were too wet and dry years that were too dry in the Salinas Valley. California's averages, you are reminded, are often just midpoints between extremes.

Since California is in many ways to America what America is to Europe, some of the material is broadly revealing. Umberto Eco, for example, contemplating the mass suicide by members of the People's Temple, observes that while in other countries social insecurity is allowed to take on more positive forms—revolution, struggles against tyrants, even nonviolent martyrdom, here "there is now no central object against which to join battle." The search for the alternative cult therefore becomes frantic: "California is a paradise cut off from the world, where all is allowed and all is inspired by an obliga-

Peter Schrag is editorial-page editor of The Sacramento Bee.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory model of 'happiness' (there isn't even the filth of New York or Detroit; you are condemned to be happy). Any promise of community life, of a 'new deal,' of regeneration is therefore good. . . . The threat of the 'fault' which will one day tear California from the mainland and cast her adrift exerts a mythical pressure on minds made unstable by all the artificiality. Why not [Jim] Jones and the good death he promises?" Los Angeles, the old joke goes, will go by default.

And yet, most of California now has little to do with either the paradisiacal or the apocalyptic; most of it is not Charlie Manson or drug gangs in East Los Angeles; it is not hippies in the Haight or Hollywood talking deals around the pool. And on that theme, unfortunately, there's very little either in this book or anywhere else. Joan Didion, who grew up in Sacramento, has tried to remind Americans that in many ways the real California is not even Los Angeles or San Francisco but the great Central Valley: 25,000 square miles of irrigated, industrialized agriculture—wineries, frozen chicken plants, canneries—dotted with some of the fastest-growing cities in the United States, including Sacramento, Stockton, Modesto, Fresno and Bakersfield. The only constant about the California in which she grew up, she writes, "is the rate at which it disappears." It thus fails as a base against which to measure one's own change.

But that is something that can be said about a great many other places in this country and, in any case, only takes things so far. For it is not only that the cozy world of the Valley towns has given way to new suburbs, new high-tech industries and new people but that in its population, its social attitudes, its politics and its technology, all of California has, in the past decade, become an increasingly typical Sunbelt state—older, more conservative—in many respects not very different from Texas or Arizona.

A generation ago, the Golden State seemed to be the very essence of progressivism—an innovator in education, water projects, social services and general social amenities (not to mention the construction of freeways), where people came to build lives rather than end them—and thus precisely the kind of place that the dream would lead one to expect it to be. But since the passage of Proposition 13 in 1978 and, in some respects, since the election of Ronald Reagan as Governor in 1966, all that has be-

"It's not a book about bums, you know,

but that's the way it was perceived. I got a letter from Pat Moynihan after I won the Pulitzer and a story had come out on the AP wire, describing ***Ironweed*** *as a book about a baseball player who turns out to be a murderer. Moynihan quoted that back to me in the letter, and he said, 'Now you know what we politicians have to put up with!'"*

William Kennedy
the ***Art of Fiction*** *interview*
in the fall 1989 issue

THE PARIS REVIEW

Now available at your bookstore or by subscription,

$20/year, 45-39 171st Place, Flushing, NY 11358.

NATIONAL BESTSELLER

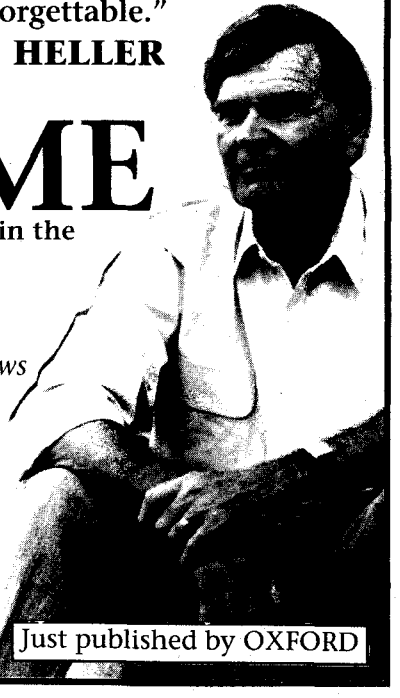
"Paul Fussell has written the best book I know of about World War I. Now he has written the best book I know of about the Second World War. No novel I've read surpasses its depiction of the awful human cost to all sides of modern warfare. I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say it is unforgettable."
--JOSEPH HELLER

WARTIME
Understanding and Behavior in the Second World War

"Funny, upsetting, at times brilliantly illuminating."
--Kirkus Reviews

"Passionate
[His]convictions drive this book to a furious, disturbingly effective climax." —Newsweek

"Brilliant and engaging cultural history. . .
quietly subverts our whitewashed collective memory of the war."
—Publisher's Weekly



© Courtney Grant Winston

Just published by OXFORD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gun to change. California, although among the wealthiest states in the Union, now spends less per child than any other major industrial state for education, and less than the national average. It is fifteenth in the nation in spending on libraries, and for more than a decade it has been last or next to last in what it spends per capita on highways. Yes, highways. As this is being written, there is, understandably, a great deal of finger-pointing on who was responsible for not retrofitting that stretch of the Nimitz Freeway so that it might have withstood the shock of the October earthquake. What is certain is that neither of the past two Governors, one from each major party, has had any great interest in the subject. California is fifth in the nation in per capita spending on prisons, with a prison population more than triple what it was in 1980. Three years ago, Californians voted three State Supreme Court Justices out of office so California could join its Sunbelt cousins in executing prisoners.

The reasons for the changes are complex; the most obvious one is that the people who depend on the schools and social services—people who are increasingly brown and black—are not the people who vote. The voters are disproportionately people, many of them middle-aged or older, whose children are grown or who never had any of these services in the first place, and who, when they think of government, see themselves primarily as overburdened taxpayers. But beyond that, there is an even more profound graying in this state, a graying of expectations that sees its sunshine being immutably compromised both by pollution and toxics and by hordes of aliens from Latin America and Southeast Asia. Those things do not reduce very well to apocalyptic terms. They are all too banal. None of that is in this book.

California's twin myths will almost certainly persist. The national perspective has always been East to West, and Western reality has often been slow to catch on in New York. If you want to sell California stories to Eastern editors, peddle fruits and nuts; peddle cults and apocalypse; peddle fads. And because the journalistic focus is on the epic struggle between metaphors, no one pays much attention when things only change from white to gray. That's not entirely New York's fault; long before it was settled, the West was the source of our hope. Things had better work in California, Didion said, "because here, beneath that immense bleached sky, is where we run out of continent."

We ought to have learned long ago that even this frontier is now closed, and that whatever social arrangements the country invents as substitutes are as readily invented in Minnesota or Massachusetts. Some California dreamers are trying to conjure the Pacific Rim into yet another Western frontier (something that Henry Luce, William Knowland and the China lobby tried to do in a different way forty years ago), but the real California story may now have as much to do with its insularity between the Sierras and the sea and the resulting provincialism that perpetuates the comforting illusion of California superiority—San Francisco superiority in particular—as it does with the demons in paradise.

And yet the other story won't go away. Back in July, *Newsweek*, returning to the theme again, ran a cover story called "California: American Dream, American Nightmare," which recited the familiar litany of problems. And then, of course, there was the quake, an event that, in coming live on network TV twenty minutes before the start of game three of something locally billed either as the Bay Bridge World Series or Bay's Ball, could not have been timed with more exquisite irony. The irony, of course, was not that the bay's most important link was broken when that span of bridge collapsed, or that the most dangerous place was (of course) a faulty freeway at rush hour, but that, after generations of contempt between San Francisco and Oakland, the real link was reaffirmed. That link is not the bridge but the seismic uncertainty on which the whole region rests. One way or another, in life as in literature, it will never be possible to escape that common fate. □

Lite in August

DANIEL WALLACE

NEW STORIES FROM THE SOUTH: The Year's Best, 1989. *Edited by Shannon Ravenel. Algonquin Books. 222 pp. Paper $9.95.*

This book is full of riddles; here are just a few:

What's the difference between a Southern story and a story from the South?

What's the difference between a writer who writes about the South and a Southern writer who doesn't?

Who cares?

That one's easy, at least: Shannon Ravenel does. She edited *New Stories From the South: The Year's Best, 1989.* In her muddled introduction to this, the fourth annual volume, Ravenel tries her best to make sense of what she's doing (what exactly is a story from the South?), *why* she's doing what she's doing (why get a bunch of them together?) and, finally, why we should care about the undertaking as much as she does. But after two and a half pages of trying she gives up on all counts, finding her task impossible, and ends by saying that her struggle with definitions is not the business of this anthology. Its real business is "to celebrate the vivid diversity of that Southernness in new fiction writers from the South," leaving the reader somewhat more confused by her answers than by the questions.

But the book, after all, should speak for itself, even or maybe especially when it speaks with a soft Southern drawl. And with only a couple of notable exceptions, the characters in these stories do speak in a way that associates them unequivocally with their geography—or the literature of their geography—and hence in a way that gives the stories that distinct voice, that untranslatable flavor: It is not *poetry* that would be lost in translation, but *Southernness*, that peculiar thing Ravenel struggles so with in her introduction. One wonders how even the most versatile translator would handle this sentence: "Look how we've lived—like two dill pickles shut up in a jar." Or this one: "Go ahayed and touch it and see how hawt it is."

But hold on now, please. If you've already decided to go out and buy this book, be sure you've got it right: *New Stories From the South: The Year's Best, 1989.* Don't get it confused with *The New Writers of the South* or *Stories of the Old South* or *New Stories by Southern Women* or any of the other books by publishers large and small collecting stories that are Southern, from

Daniel Wallace lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. His fiction has appeared in TriQuarterly, The Yale Review, Prairie Schooner *and elsewhere, and is forthcoming from* The Antioch Review *and* The Massachusetts Review.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WANT TO CREATE SOME REAL EXCITEMENT THIS HOLIDAY SEASON?

IT'S SIMPLE! GIVE THE NATION

It makes an electrifying gift 47 times a year.

And it saves you the hassle of last-minute shopping (and the clinkers you usually end up with!).

SPECIAL LOW HOLIDAY GIFT RATES!

$24 for the first 1 year (47 issues) gift

$18 for each additional gift (50% off the regular subscription price)

We'll get your gift subscriptions off to a festive start with a special gift announcement bearing the exclusive Tony Auth drawing reproduced above.

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

☐ Send gift cards to recipients
Signed _____
☐ Send gift cards to me in time for holiday giving.

For each gift outside the U.S. add $14 for postage.
Payment in U.S. funds only.

For additional gifts attach list.

☐ Enclosed is $ _____ for _____ subscription(s).

Charge my: ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA

ACCOUNT # _____ EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

☐ Bill me later.

SEND TO: THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305.

PLEASE SEND GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO:

GIFT TO:
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

GIFT TO:
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

GIFT TO:
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

GIFT TO:
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

M9K4S-6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TERRORISM, POLITICS AND LAW

The *Achille Lauro* Affair
Antonio Cassese

Antonio Cassese here provides a succinct and highly original analysis of one of the most pervasive nightmares of our time—the terrorist phenomenon. Cassese focuses on the notorious hijacking of the Italian transatlantic liner the *Achille Lauro* in October 1985 by four members of a faction of the Palestinian Liberation Front. Cassese not only reconstructs the events of the hijacking but also evaluates its widespread implications for international law.

Cloth: $19.95 ISBN 0-691-07838-6
Not available in the United Kingdom or Europe.

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
41 WILLIAM ST. • PRINCETON, NJ 08540 • (609) 258-4900 • ORDERS 800-PRS-ISBN (777-4726)

A fresh, vivid dialogue
with leading Soviet reformers. Must reading for anyone who wants to understand the architects of perestroika. —Senator Bill Bradley

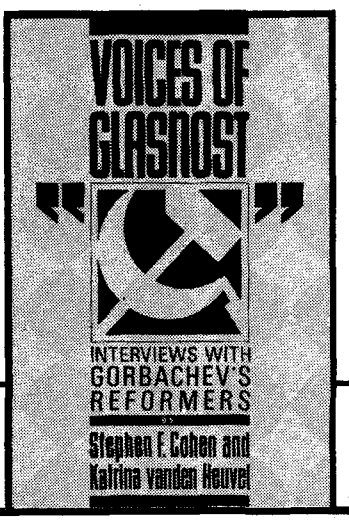
A rich collection
of incisive interviews... Essential reading for those wishing to understand the revolutionary change now taking place in the Soviet Union. —David K. Shipler

Brilliant
interrogations and breathtakingly honest, sometimes eloquent answers. Glasnost and perestroika are illuminated in a way that will make every partisan of liberty rejoice. —Carl Sagan

Fascinating, moving, and illuminating.
—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Not only the most valuable book about glasnost yet published, but the most interesting. —Norman Mailer

As intimate a portrait of Soviet politics, culture, and economics as we are likely to see. —*Kirkus Reviews*



Now at your bookstore
NORTON
W. W. Norton, 500 Fifth Ave., NY, NY 10110

the South, by Southern writers. Because there are a lot of them out there—more now, it seems, than ever before.

What's going on? Are there actually more Southern writers writing good Southern stories nowadays, or is it that more of them are being sought out and *collected*, brought together because more people are buying them? For the last couple of decades I've been laboring under the misunderstanding that the real Southern fiction, fiction that mattered, was coming from a place a little farther south than Fayetteville or Baton Rouge (Mexico, for instance, and Colombia, and Chile and Peru): Faulkner's dead and Eudora Welty is very, very old. And so, as I study the shelves at my local bookstore, which are loaded with new Southern this-and-that, I have to ask myself: Are we experiencing yet another rebirth of Southern lit? And how many times can a literature *be* reborn in fifty, sixty years?

Mama's getting tired, Papa. Leave her alone.

You can't blame somebody for being a Southern writer. But these days it's rather like being the boss's son: No one's surprised when you get the good territory, even though the other guys who've been working for years—and who, regrettably, are from Philadelphia, of all places, from Des Moines—are stuck . . . *without a region*!

Case in point. When you think of the South, don't those "long still hot weary dead" summers come to mind? Of the fifteen stories collected here, twelve take place entirely in the summer, two pass significantly through it, and only one—"Pacific Theater"—has snow in it. Not only that, but the story doesn't mention the South once and there's no dialect at all. Frankly, it could be from The Best of Wisconsin. But scanning the bios, I note that "Pacific Theater" was published in *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, and that its author, James Gordon Bennett, bless the accident of birth, was born here too. I guess he can write about the wrong weather if he wants.

And if it's not the heat, it's the metaphors. The moon is "peach-basket-sized," a mole on a woman's face is "the size of a butter bean." A woman wears a pink dress "the shade of baby pigs," and people "stand there as still as stumps . . . in that August heat."

I don't think there are any moles the size of a butter bean in Philadelphia. I don't even know how big a mole in Phil-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adelphia would be, or if a woman would knowingly wear a dress the color of a baby pig, or what the moon is like there. But I have a feeling it's different. I have a feeling the South is a mighty different place than just about anywhere, and that editors, publishers and especially these writers know it: know it when they read it and keep it in mind when they write it, or assemble, or produce it—whatever it's called when a butter bean and a mole get processed together on a page of humid Southern prose.

There are five excellent stories in this collection, stories strong enough to save the whole book. Two of the five—"Customs of the Country," by Madison Smartt Bell, and "Strays," by Mark Richard—are also to be found in *The Best American Short Stories, 1989*. Those two alone would be sufficient to express the huge range of tone and technique and material available to writers with a Southern sensibility. Rick Bass (born to be included in perhaps every regional and national anthology) has a story here called "Wild Horses" that is a smooth, tranquil, friendly narrative about a woman's deep sadness. David Huddle is the author of one of my favorite story collections, *Only the Little Bone*, and his long entry here, "Playing," is almost as good as the best that collection has to offer. Frank Manley's excellent story I will get to later.

As for the rest, most seem to be by authors writing not about what they know but about what they know about Southern Literature. There's too many dogs getting run over in this book, and too many chickens and mosquitoes, too much dialect and charming eccentricity. I've lived in the South all my life, but the stories this collection tells are ones I am familiar with only through the literature itself. It's as if there's really nothing to say anymore, but people still want to hear us Southerners talk.

But it's not hopeless. "The Rain of Terror," by Frank Manley, is truly new, truly Southern and truly original. It's written in the form of an interview with a reporter, though we never see and rarely hear him speak. The story—about the night an escaped convict comes out of the rain to invade a couple's home for shelter—is told by Oletta and James Terry Crews, but mostly by Oletta, who would rather her husband shut up forever and just let her talk. Without any real proof one way or another, Oletta decides that the convict, Duke Farris, has escaped from prison to retrieve a

GRAND STREET

A LITERARY QUARTERLY

Autumn 1989

SCHOLARS ..... *Barbara Jones*
RIMBAUD'S PIANO (*poem*) ..... *W. S. Merwin*
THE CENTER OF THE STORY ..... *Lydia Davis*
THIS LAND (*poem*) ..... *Suzanne Gardinier*
HONEY ..... *Elizabeth Tallent*
ONLY THEN (*poem*) ..... *Irving Feldman*
CELEBRITY LOVE ..... *Thomas M. Disch*
PRESS RELEASE (*poem*) ..... *James Merrill*
HAITI 1989 ..... *Amy Wilentz*
THE HALLOWEEN PARADE (*poem*) ..... *Amy Clampitt*
GETTING MY MOTHER'S SEWING MACHINE ACROSS BASS STRAIT ..... *Carmel Bird*
THE FISHMONGER'S STALL (*poem*) ..... *Rainer Maria Rilke*
Translated from German by Stephen Mitchell
FISH STORY (*poem*) ..... *Tom Sleigh*
BLUEBEARD'S BRIDES ..... *Marina Warner*
TERMINATION OF A DISORDER: BURGHÖLZLI, 1900 (*poem*) ..... *Stewart James*
PROUST AND HIS MOTHER ..... *Ronald Hayman*
TWO POEMS ..... *Martha Greenwald*
FROM A LIFETIME OF MUSIC ..... *Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco*
Translated from Italian by Harvey Sachs
TWO POEMS ..... *Alice Fulton*
ZEUS THE FRIENDLY ..... *Robert Newton*
ELEVENS (*poem*) ..... *Marilyn Hacker*
JUVENAL REVISITED ..... *Peter Green*
THE LATER MOMIGLIANO ..... *G. W. Bowersock*
MEDON ON LEMNOS (*poem*) ..... *Karl Kirchwey*
ISAAC BABEL ..... *Henry Gifford*
SWAN AUTUMN (*poem*) ..... *Donald Revell*
INTIFADAH ..... *Nicholas Xenos*
MONEY, MIND & MATTER ..... *Doug Henwood*
TWO POEMS ..... *Robin Robertson*
WHAT ARE LITTLE GIRLS MADE OF? (Kingsley Amis) ..... *Jeremy Treglown*
WATER MUSIC AND EFFECTS OF SNOW (John Hollander) ..... *Alfred Corn*
DOG AFTER LOVE (*poem*) ..... *Yehuda Amichai*
Translated from Hebrew by W. D. Snodgrass

GRAND STREET, 50 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10024

Name _____

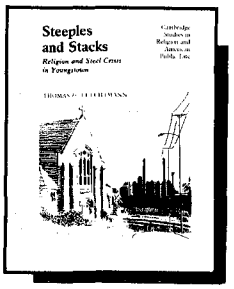
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Single issue $6 *$24 a year ($28 institutions & foreign)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMBRIDGE PRESENTS "STUDIES IN RELIGION AND AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE"...



Steeples and Stacks

Religion and Steel Crisis in Youngstown, Ohio
Thomas G. Fuechtmann
In 1977 church leaders and steel workers formed a powerful political coalition in Youngstown, Ohio to protect the closing of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube's steel works, eventually proposing to buy the plant rather than see it closed. Though the proposal failed, the story of the coalition's formation, as told here by a participant-observer, illuminates the growing interaction of religion and public affairs in American life as well as documenting the relations of government, corporate, church and community at the local level.
$39.50 hardcover

Between the Times

The Travail of the Protestant Establishment in America, 1900-1960
William R. Hutchison, *Editor*
During this century the Protestant establishment has seen its authority as the moral voice of America challenged by growing secularism and religious pluralism. Twelve historians examine the trying period of transition during which the Protestant churches struggled to maintain their dominance. The aims of the establishment during this period are examined both from the inside, as voiced from the pulpit and through the media, and from the perspective of the social groups challenging the establishment's authority – Jews, Catholics, Blacks and women. *$39.50 hardcover*

At bookstores or order from
Cambridge University Press
W. 20th St., NY, NY 10011. Call toll-free: 800-872-7423, outside NY State. 800-227-0247, NY State only. MasterCard/VISA accepted. Prices subject to change.

huge sum of money—money he has on him right then, she thinks. Duke Farris doesn't threaten them at all, but she convinces her husband, who has actually come to like Duke, to blow his head off with a shotgun—ostensibly to save their own lives, though she confides to the reporter that it was only for the money. She is disappointed and embittered when they look in his pockets and all they find is a ring-snap off an aluminum can.

Though this story is wonderfully fine and new, I kept thinking of Flannery O'Connor as I read it. She wrote about people like Oletta Crews: imperious, self-deceived rednecks. And by the end of the story, when Oletta talks about Satan and how he's disguised sometimes like the angel of light, I knew we weren't far from Milledgeville. But when it's over, there's no Holy Ghost. There's no belief in anything coming through; all you get is a well-made story. Southern literature isn't a genre anymore, it's an industry; and why people stopped writing it and started manufacturing it is probably the biggest riddle of all. □

True Writ

TOM SPANBAUER

THE BEST OF THE WEST 2: New Short Stories From the Wide Side of the Missouri. *Edited by James Thomas and Denise Thomas. Gibbs Smith. 261 pp. $10.95.*

Best of the West: Making a claim like that is a sure-fire way to get yourself in trouble—out West here, that is. In New York City you can say things like that. In fact, if you don't say you're the best, people get to wondering about you.

Whenever you make a claim like that, though, you'd better be able to back it up. And if you can't back it up, you'd better be prepared to spin a damned good yarn—that is, lie. Keeping that in mind—since this *is* Western literature—I'm strapping on my gun, tilting my hat back and walking down Center Street at high noon. Meet these characters one by one. Shoot it out, fair and square. See just who *is* the best, and if they ain't, see who's best at lying about it.

James Thomas and Denise Thomas have assembled seventeen stories in this collection. After looking over the herd, I've sent nine stories back out to pasture. "Meat" was one of those stories, by Ken Smith, and so was "Hermitage," by William Kittredge. They tend to be too explanatory, at the expense of the narrative, or work with the received language rather than making something new.

In "Meat," for example, a hefty story about an old man tied up in his cabin by two striking miners who end up butchering one of his cows, Smith occasionally finds a nugget like, "'Name's Walker,' he said. 'Front name's John.'" But too often he's panning up weak sentences like, "It sickened and enraged him that Willy could call him such a thing." Same holds for Kittredge, whose story of a prodigal son's return home has the narrator explain, "But the white, moustached little man that ran the place was gone. I figured he must be dead. Which saddened me."

Now, it's true that we don't talk much out here. Not too many to talk to—they're usually too far away. You might say we're thrifty with our speech, like "Front name's John." It's not like in the South, where folks have all that time to sit out on the veranda on hot nights, drinking mint juleps and filling up the evening air with lilting, rhythmical conversation. Here in the West, it's not like in the East, where folks are always scrambling after some new form. We just don't have the time. Winter's coming or the chores need to get done. When we decide to speak, we do it quick as possible and as practical. So, when a local dies—especially when it's the "white, moustached little man" who had always sold fountain Cokes and candy over the marble-topped counter down at the drugstore—we don't need the explanation about being "saddened." Comes with the territory.

Here's the stories I sent up the chute for closer scrutiny. You might call them the Best of the Best of the West. Three of the writers are big guns. Two of them, Louise Erdrich ("Matchimanito") and Jim Harrison ("How It Happened to Me"), were born West, grew up West, went East and have come back bigger and better for it. Then there's Rick Bass ("Choteau").

Tom Spanbauer is a native of Idaho, the setting of his novel Faraway Places *(New American Library). He is currently living in Portland, Oregon, working on his second novel.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heard tell a story once about a magic horse who was so beautiful and wild that only a poet could ride it. That's Erdrich's story for you, part of her novel *Tracks*. As in *Love Medicine* and *The Beet Queen*, her prose is beautiful and haunting. Like a magician, she dares you to take her for granted, to be unaware, to assume predictability. Dares you to look at it with less than a poet's eye—the only sensibility her bold, risk-taking prose strives to address.

Harrison is an old war horse whose story gives you a ride through the huge and the vast, the prose speeding by as if it had disappeared, headlong into sunset, clutching your heart with it. It's every bit as good as his classic story "Legends of the Fall."

In "Choteau," Bass, a sometime Southerner who now makes his home in Montana, gives you the key to Canada, gives you Galena Jim Ontz—a man big enough to ride a moose. Bass's prose makes you pay attention to it, like a many-gaited horse who can walk, gallop, trot, canter, even dance. Slowly you begin to realize that what you're riding is a show horse, and more so than any story in the collection, the trainer is right there in the muscle, making sure you notice all that's going on to make that horse move.

Most important in this collection, though, are some folks we haven't heard enough about. They are Fenton Johnson ("Cowboys"), Ron Hansen ("Wickedness"), John Bennion ("Dust"), Gladys Swan ("Lucinda") and Charles Frazier ("Licit Pursuits").

In "Cowboys" Johnson sets us out in wide-open spaces, then takes on the myth of the American at home on the range, leading us through some scary inland territory to that prototype of masculinity that we all got to deal with.

"Cowboys," like "Wickedness," "Dust" and "Licit Pursuits," does something else that's important in the West and Western literature—makes the reader encounter the space. It's hard—maybe impossible—to write a successful story about the West and not deal with the landscape. The size of it. Landscape is like another character in the Western story. When the sky comes all the way down to the heels of your boots, you're alone with the horizon drawing a simple line all the way around you forever.

Speaking of space, Hansen's "Wickedness" is about one vast bastard of a storm that is quintessential of Western themes: isolation, endless prairie, end-

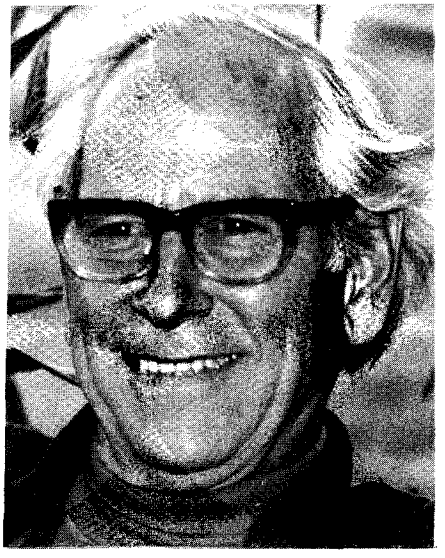
"A book deserving attention from Americans serious about their citizenship."*

Democracy and Its Critics

Robert A. Dahl

*"One of the country's premier political philosophers here shares the fruit of years of thoughtful reflection upon the promise and perils of democracy."—*Booklist*

"Robert Dahl is both a subtle analyst and a staunch defender of democratic values. What impresses me most is that he sees democracy not just as something fixed or given, but as a process that needs to be extended into every area of society, the economic as well as the political. His new book continues his splendid work."—Irving Howe
$29.95



At fine bookstores.

Yale University Press
Dept. 3727
92A Yale Station
New Haven, CT 06520

Speak German like a Diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who.

Now you can learn to speak German with the same materials used by the U.S. State Department—the Foreign Service Institute's *Programmed Introduction to German*.

The FSI spent thousands of dollars and many years developing these materials for use by members of the United States diplomatic corps. Today people in all walks of life who need to learn to speak a foreign language are turning to this outstanding audio program.

The FSI's German Course is by far the most effective way to learn German at your own convenience and pace. It consists of a series of cassettes, recorded by native German speakers, and accompanying textbook. You simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and learning. By the end of the course you'll find yourself learning and speaking entirely in German!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmed" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

This FSI Programmed Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

☐ **Volume I. Programmed Introduction to German**, 10 cassettes (13 hr.), and 647-p. text, $175.
☐ **Volume II. Basic Course Continued**, 8 cassettes (8 hr), and 179-p. text, $145.

(Conn. residents add sales tax.)

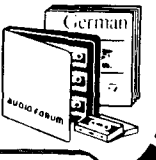
TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL TOLL-FREE NUMBER: 1-800-243-1234.

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with you name and address, and a check or money order—or charge to your credit card (VISA, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's German Course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn German, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

190 courses in 55 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 17th year.

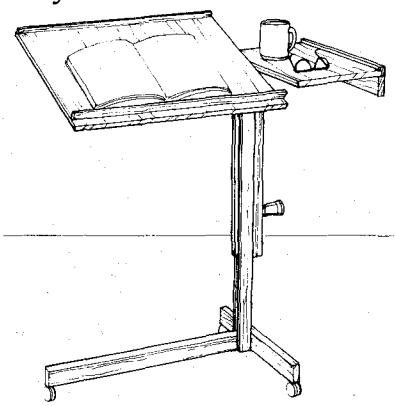
Audio-Forum
Room 1752
96 Broad St.
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794



All orders received by Dec. 12 will be delivered before the holidays!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our teak Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, beside a desk, or in bed. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture.

$184 includes shipping via UPS ground. Assembly required.

MC/VISA/AMEX/Check
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER
Tools for Serious Readers
975 S. Congress Ave., Code TNRT, Delray, FL 33445

*"I can think of no one who would not benefit from reading this book."**

Beauty, Health and Permanence

Environmental Politics in the United States, 1955-1985

Samuel P. Hays

"In this well-written and thoroughly researched book, Hays presents a history of the Environmental Era...Hays accomplishes his analysis...by demonstrating that as much historical understanding can be gleaned from what has not changed as from what has." * —Ralph Braccio, *The Christian Science Monitor*

"...if you want to know how a ...historian will probably treat our environmental movement two or three years from now, read Hays."
— Charles E. Little in *Wilderness*

630 pages $17.95 paperback

At bookstores or from
Cambridge University Press
40 West 20th Street, New York, NY 10011
1-800-872-7423 MasterCard/VISA accepted.

less harshness, and personal bravery and folly in the face of natural disaster. I can't tell you what his prose is like, other than the storm's very wind and snow.

"Licit Pursuits" is every bit as chilling as the storm of 1888. Frazier has a sheriff going after a murderer and along the way closes in on the genre. The chill is in the tightly wrought prose and the tough, unflinching eye of the narrator.

Two other stories well worth further mention are Bennion's and Swan's. The former juxtaposes Mormons, nudists, nuclear fallout, tourists and a man's midlife crisis on one flat piece of Utah desert. The latter is a story of a Mexican woman living illegally in the United States. Swan's story contrasts the helplessness, the resoluteness and the innocence of the woman, Pilar, with the brute, smoldering violence of the itinerant, estranged father of her daughter, Lucinda, and emerges as a delicate portrait.

Best of the West? Now that the showdown's over and the dust has settled, the collection, at its worst, is untrained. At its best, it reveals what we all go West for: the mystery and, still, the promise of the frontier. "Cowboys" hits the nail on the head. Johnson's narrator, Ravenel, driving west in his 1964 Rambler Rebel, wants nothing more than to get to "the place where he is going," but instead finds himself in a place "he has never allowed himself to know"—on Battle Mountain with a broken fan belt and desire "a many-pointed star, turning and pricking in the heart." □

Cela Vie

MICHAEL UGARTE

Spanish essayist and cultural critic Fernando Díaz-Plaja said that Spaniards are the first to sing the woes of their own country. His judgment was borne out recently at a commemoration of Spanish Civil War exile literature at the University of Maryland, held exactly fifty years after the defeat of the Second Republic in 1939. The proceedings were interrupted to announce that Camilo José Cela had won the 1989 Nobel Prize for Literature. The reaction among a group of critics and writers intent on preserving the memory of exile poets such as Rafael Alberti and León Felipe was at best mixed and at worst disdainful. The disdain was understandable in light of the neglect of exile writers by the Spanish cultural establishment (*El País*, the Ministry of Culture). The most distinguished members of the Spanish intelligentsia, writers and thinkers such as Jorge Guillén, Pedro Salinas, Luis Cernuda, José Gaos, Max Aub and Luis Buñuel, were forced to leave the country with the rise of insurgent fascism. As a result, Spain became a cultural wasteland for nearly a decade. Camilo José Cela not only stayed in the wasteland, he was on the side of the nationalists, and immediately after the war he supported the Franco regime. The wide range of opinion expressed at the conference was indicative of a variety of problems exacerbated by this year's prize.

"The Latin Americans are going to kill us," said one scholar, to which another responded, "And it would be an act of justice."

"Another Echegaray!" complained one participant. "My God, what an embarrassment!"

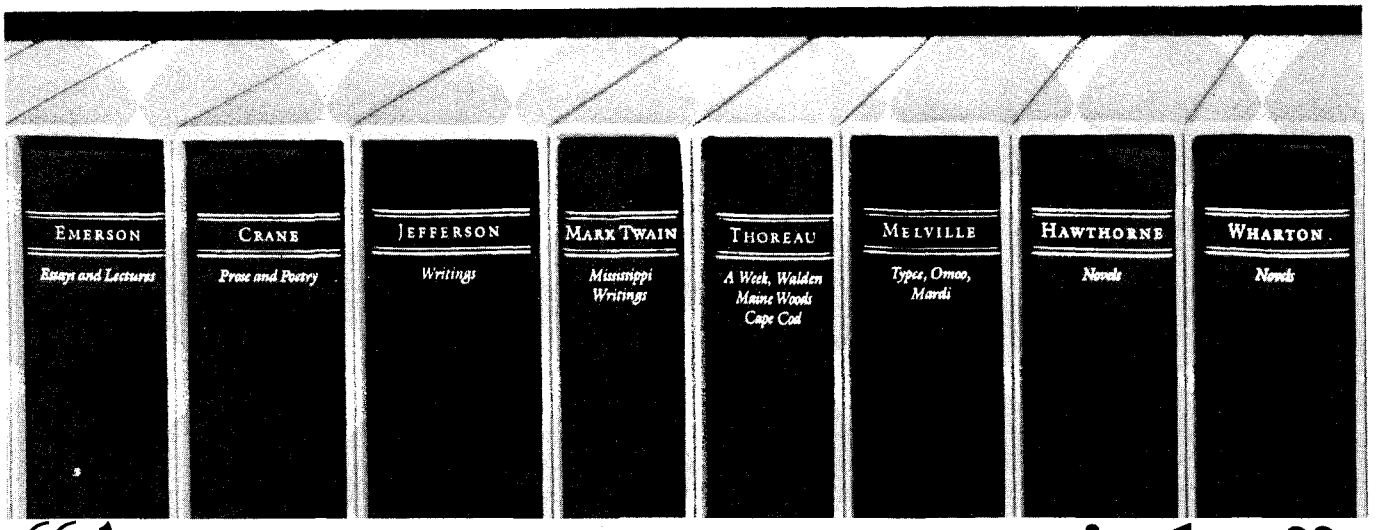
José Echegaray, a mediocre playwright, won the Nobel in 1904, when

Michael Ugarte is an associate professor of Spanish language and literature at the University of Missouri, Columbia. He is the author of Shifting Ground: Spanish Civil War Exile Literature *(Duke University Press).*

CELA EDITIONS

Readers looking for editions of Nobel Prize–winner Camilo José Cela's works in English will have to be patient, for the most part. Little, Brown plans to reissue his *The Family of Pascual Duarte* in both hardcover and paperback soon, and Farrar, Straus & Giroux will do the same in the spring of 1990 for *The Hive*. Aside from those novels, the travel book *Journey to the Alcarria* is being reissued immediately in paperback by the University of Wisconsin Press, and a philosophy book, *Of Genes, Gods & Tyrants: The Biological Causation of Morality*, is available from Kluwer Academic Publishers of Norwell, Massachusetts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A great wrong...set right."

—*New York Times Book Review*

Announcing

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST AUTHORS IN A MAGNIFICENT SERIES OF DELUXE EDITIONS

Until recently, much of American literature could be found only in disintegrating old paperbacks, cumbersome anthologies, or dog-eared hardcovers. Many of our most notable classics—even works published in the 20th century—were out of print. The situation was, as the critic Lionel Trilling wrote, "a national disgrace."

Now, that great wrong has been set right. With the support of major foundations and the National Endowment for the Humanities, a non-profit publisher has begun preserving the collected works of our greatest writers in a series of elegant new editions: THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA.

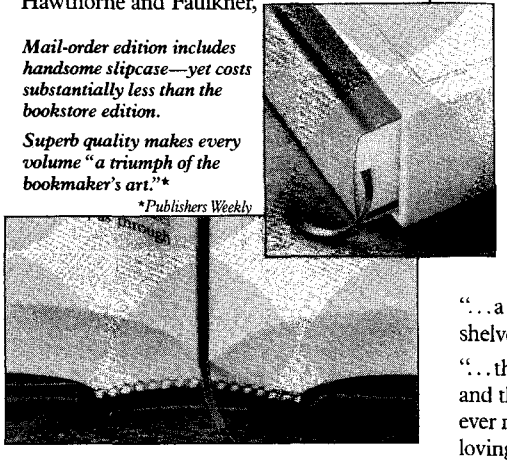
A complete, deluxe collection of American classics.

The brilliant fictions of Melville, Hawthorne and Faulkner, the social comedies of Edith Wharton, the high adventures of Jack London, the haunting power of Poe—all this and more is already published. Eloquent histories and mind-stretching essays, stirring works by our foremost statesmen, and novels that transport us into fascinating worlds are planned for the future. And each one appears exactly as the author intended, in scrupulously accurate, unabridged editions.

Mail-order edition includes handsome slipcase—yet costs substantially less than the bookstore edition.

Superb quality makes every volume "a triumph of the bookmaker's art."*

**Publishers Weekly*



Take* Mark Twain *free and* Thoreau *at our subscriber's discount.

Let us send you two volumes. One: *Mark Twain's Mississippi Writings—The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Life on the Mississippi, Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Pudd'nhead Wilson*, all complete. Two: *Thoreau*, four complete works including *Walden*. Keep both, and pay only for *Thoreau* at our subscriber's discount. *Mark Twain* is then yours free. Or return both in 15 days and owe nothing. There's no risk, and no obligation to buy additional volumes, so why not mail the coupon today. Or call toll-free **1-800-321-6640.**

★★★★★★★★★★★★

***Praise for* THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA...**

"...a good investment for your home shelves." —*The Wall Street Journal*

"...the best and biggest, the finest looking, and the longest lasting edition of its kind ever made. Our American culture... lovingly recreated." —*The New Republic*

"The most important book-publishing project in the nation's history." —*Newsweek*

Superb editions in every detail...

- Handsome hard covers of natural cloth
- Easy-to-hold 5" x 8" format
- Protective gilt-trimmed slipcases available only in mail-order edition
- Smyth-sewn bindings ensure permanence
- Fine, opaque, *acid-free* paper makes the books lightweight and durable
- Bound-in ribbon markers, special end-papers, gilt-stamped spines
- Up to 1,500 pages—equal to three, four, even five standard-sized books

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA
5 Norden Lane
Huntington Station, NY 11746

Please send me two volumes—*Mark Twain's Mississippi Writings* and *Thoreau*—as my introduction to THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA. I may keep *Mark Twain* free and pay only for *Thoreau* at the subscriber's discount price of $24.95 plus $3.50 shipping and handling. Or I will return both volumes, and thus end the matter. If I decide to keep both volumes and subscribe to THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA, I will receive a new volume about every other month for 15 days' free examination. There's never any obligation to buy, and I may cancel at any time simply by notifying you.

☐ Bill me later
Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
Card No._____ Exp. Date____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

*Future prices may change. All orders subject to approval. Offer limited to new subscribers only; one per address. 8JBC

TAKE *MARK TWAIN* FREE, AND *THOREAU* AT OUR SUBSCRIBER'S DISCOUNT.

(That's two volumes for less than the retail price of one; no obligation to buy additional books.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spanish novelist Benito Pérez Galdós was alive and considered to be second only to Cervantes (he still is). Echegaray's supporters were stunned by the 1904 prize and spent much energy trying to justify it. Subsequently, a handbook was published with a synopsis of the lives and works of the Spanish Nobel Laureates. For progressive Spaniards, it is difficult to determine, even after the subsequent granting of the prize to the brilliant poets Juan Ramón Jiménez and Vicente Aleixandre, which is more culturally embarrassing: the handbook or Echegaray's theater.

It is far more difficult, however, to determine if Spaniards should be as embarrassed in 1989 as they were in 1904; although Cela has been a politically problematic figure for many years, his novels are well worth reading. Born in 1916, he was declared exempt from military service because of tuberculosis but later joined the nationalist forces, as did countless other Spaniards in 1936, not out of a firm ideological conviction but as a result of the vagaries of social circumstance and geography (ideological inclinations often depended on the area in which one happened to reside). Perhaps more difficult to rationalize is Cela's collaboration in the early 1940s in journals such as *El Español* and *La Estafeta Literaria*, run by Juan Aparicio and Dionisio Ridruejo, ideologues of falangist-fascist aesthetics: sonnets in the style of sixteenth-century poet Garcilaso de la Vega extolling *la madre patria* ("the Motherland") and the "innate" Catholicism of Spain.

But unlike Aparicio and Ridruejo, Cela has never been an ideologue. His break with fascist aesthetics came gradually and cautiously. Some might even say that his discretion in the face of repugnant lines of thinking and writing was politically astute, given that, as Enrique Tierno Galván (Marxist mayor of Madrid from 1977 to his death in 1986) pointed out, the Spain of the early 1940s was a Spain in which one was either an uncompromising supporter of the regime or a scoundrel. But while Tierno became a self-proclaimed scoundrel and went to jail as a result, along with other writers who called themselves "interior exiles," such as Antonio Ferres and Armando López Salinas, Cela was ironic and coy.

Cela's first major novel, *La Familia de Pascual Duarte* (*The Family of Pascual Duarte*, 1942), dealt with the squalor and brutality of a peasant from Extremadura who relates his life from prison after being condemned to death for murder. *Pascual Duarte* could have been read as a scathing attack on censorship and on a type of individual violence that is one natural result of existence in a repressive and intolerant society. Fortunately for Cela, however, the literary elites praised the novel for what they saw as a moral statement on degradation. These contradictory readings are indicative of the ambiguity of both Cela's political posture and the novel itself, a typically picaresque tale that requires the reader's moral assessment of the protagonist. What remained after *Pascual Duarte* was not as much a political statement as the narrative artistry of a man whose talents were on the verge of full development.

After politically suggestive experiments with travel narrative, like *Journey to the Alcarria* and *New Trials and Wanderings of Lazarillo of Tormes* in the mid-to-late 1940s, Cela wrote what may be his best novel and the one he had the most difficulty in circulating: *La Colmena* (*The Hive*). It was first published in Buenos Aires in 1951 and did not reach a wide Spanish audience, because of censorship, until 1963—earlier Spanish editions were not officially banned but had been distributed with extreme caution and lack of financial support. Written in a style reminiscent of the early John Dos Passos, *The Hive* deals with the squalor, boredom

"A new landmark
in the study of homelessness and extreme poverty in the United States. [Rossi's] careful empirical research, skillful data analysis, and thoughtful policy recommendations will make this highly readable and interesting book a standard reference for those concerned about the problem of severe economic deprivation in our affluent society."
—**William Julius Wilson,** author of *The Truly Disadvantaged: The Inner City, the Underclass, and Public Policy*

PETER H. ROSSI
DOWN AND OUT IN AMERICA
THE ORIGINS OF HOMELESSNESS

How many homeless are there? What factors forced them on to the streets? Peter Rossi presents the most accurate and comprehensive picture of homelessness in America today. He offers a powerful explanation of its causes, pinpointing dramatic changes in the average age and income, and in the gender and race of the homeless population. His study records that millions more are on the brink of homelessness, and he proposes bold policy solutions to this growing crisis. $15.95

The University of Chicago Press
At bookstores, or call 1-800-621-2736
In Illinois: 312-568-1550

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and political and sexual repression that characterized a period of Spanish life known as "the years of hunger." The plot, which is barely ascertainable upon a first reading, is pieced together with brief sketches of more than 150 characters, some of whom appear and reappear in different contexts and situations: Doña Rosa, the owner of the cafe frequented by the majority of the characters, constantly humiliates her staff and customers: lowlifes, lonely hearts, prostitutes and frustrated writers. The setting is Madrid, considered by some the protagonist of the novel. It is this very collectivity and simultaneity of action that has made *The Hive* one of the most important Spanish novels of the twentieth century, for Cela was able to weave together a variety of people and situations within a city that both mirrored and contained post-civil war ennui. In this novel, as in others, there is a touch of Goya and Fellini in the use of grotesque character portrayals that do not rule out the reader's sympathy, perhaps empathy, for the victims of war and hunger.

Yet in comparison with some of his contemporaries, Cela has suffered little at the hands of Francoist intolerance. While *The Hive* was not a critical success until well after its initial publication, virtually everything else he produced was. In 1957 he was voted into the Royal Spanish Academy, an honor as literarily impressive as it is politically questionable, especially during the Franco years. Cela himself has always seemed aggressively indifferent to criticism, particularly political criticism. In the 1960s he retreated from public life, enclosing himself in a villa in Palma de Mallorca and furthering his reputation as one of the most prolific writers of the postwar period. His complete works (more than fourteen volumes) include novels, travelogues, poetry, essays both humorous and serious, and a *Secret Dictionary* (two volumes) of Castilian slang, curses and scatological expressions for which Spaniards are too well known throughout the Spanish-speaking world. Among his lesser-known pieces is a delightful poetic parody of an epic romance about a flight from Madrid to New York (*Viaje a USA*). Here, in his characteristic *cachondeo* (Spanish jive), Cela describes himself in the water closet, squatting on a toilet in a heroic attempt to stay regular. One can only wonder how his promoters euphemized the contents of this text in their letters of recommendation for the Nobel, if they mentioned it at all. The older Don Camilo gets, it seems, the more adolescent are his public statements.

However, what cannot be neglected, for all Cela's "youthful" offensiveness, is the seriousness of his narrative experiments. While he has not taken many political risks, virtually all his novels (if we count travel narrative, a genre far more complex than its designation implies, these number more than fifteen) are bold attempts to transcend what he has written previously. While other novelists are comfortable with what has brought them success in the past, Cela always tries to change direction, as in *San Camilo, 1936*, an exploration of history as a truthful rendition of actual occurrences during the Spanish Civil War; *Oficio de Tinieblas* (loosely, "Labor of Darkness"), a philosophical novel on death and the act of writing arranged according to numbered paragraphs; and *Mazurka para dos muertos* ("Mazurka for Two Dead"), which takes place in his native Galicia and embeds regional mythology and superstition in a dreamlike tale of murder and transgression. In short, if there is any Spanish novelist who deserves the Nobel Prize on the merit of narrative experimentation alone, it is without a doubt Camilo José Cela.

So we return to the initial question: Does Cela deserve it? A brief perusal of the list of literary Nobel Laureates since the conception of the prize in 1901

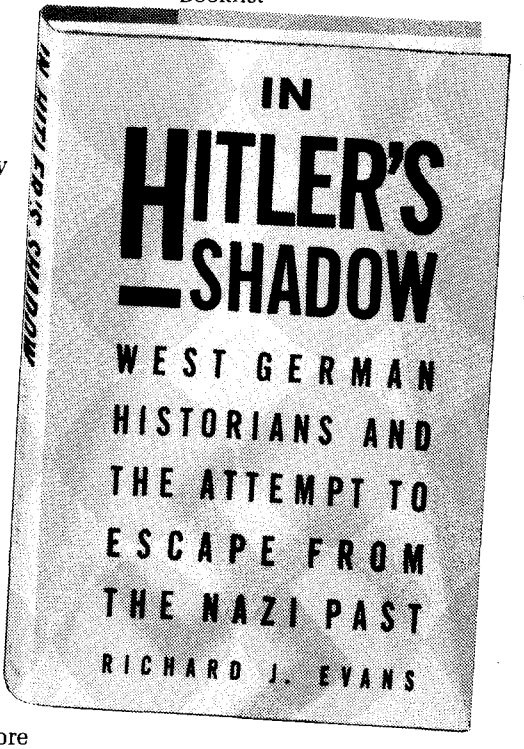
Historical whitewash in West Germany?

The first comprehensive challenge to West German historians who rewrite history to excuse their country's Nazi past.

"Fairly presents the neoconservative case, then proceeds to demolish it with cogency and thoroughness." —*Booklist*

"Well-argued and intelligent."
—Christopher Hitchens, *Newsday*

"Skillfully conceived and brilliantly written."
—Professor Michael S. Kater, York University (Toronto)



A Selection of B'nai B'rith Jewish Book Club.

Paperbound, $9.95 (also in hardcover)

Now at your bookstore
PANTHEON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If you've been searching for something to enhance the sensual side of your life... Yellow Silk offers fiction, poetry, art, reminiscences, and reviews of material that celebrate the erotic in a way that manages to be both tasteful and juicy. The writing ranges from earthy and funny to tender and thoughtful, and the art is exquisite. Highly recommended."

Neshama Franklin
Medical Self-Care

Yellow Silk
JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS

"All persuasions; no brutality."

William Kotzwinkle • Marge Piercy • Eric Gill • Susan Griffin • Octavio Paz • Tee Corinne • W.S. Merwin • Mayumi Oda Marilyn Hacker • William Packard • Judy Dater • Robert Silverberg • Ntozake Shange • Ivan Argüelles • Jane Hirshfield Pierre Louys • Gary Soto

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
$24/year • Quarterly

NAME

ADDRESS

OUTSIDE U.S., ADD $6/SURFACE, $20/AIR PER YEAR. U.S. FUNDS.

would lead many to answer in the affirmative. After all, shouldn't the cultural elite of the United States be as embarrassed by Saul Bellow as Spaniards are of Echegaray? Bellow, the master of the male menopause novel, is by most counts pathetically inferior to Carlos Fuentes (and a handful of other Latin American writers) both as a public and a literary figure. And what of the piddlingly few women writers on the list of Nobel winners? It would not have been too late for Mary McCarthy, who, unlike Cela, supported the Spanish Republic with her mind, her body and her soul. Perhaps the granting of the prize to Cela is indeed another great moment for Spanish literature (as opposed to one for the Socialist government, as was sarcastically suggested at the Maryland conference). Yet, the politics honored by the prize smack of yet another insult to those who gave their lives in defense of Spanish democracy. □

His Final Days

JOE WOOD

MALCOLM X: The Last Speeches. *Edited by Bruce Perry. Pathfinder Press. 189 pp. $8.95.*

Do we measure activists' lives by the breadth of their hopes or their earnestness in trying to make them real? Or do we measure activists by where they actually end up, failures and disillusionments included? And how do we figure someone like Malcolm X?

In Malcolm's case, myth has long since taken the place of research in the imagination of Americans, black and white. Malcolm's myth, widely circulated in his posthumously published autobiography, makes him a very current African-American figure: the resistant seminationalist, a hero for the "lost and (now I'm) found" strain of gritty American individualism. In the popular view, Malcolm represents the real black thing; one's reaction to Malcolm's myth, then, becomes a measure of one's understanding of, or sympathy with, the "strong side" of black experience—the side that is ready to embrace other Americans without forfeiting any self-respect. Unfortunately, this neat package smoothes over significant details about Malcolm's life.

In March 1964, Malcolm X left the Nation of Islam, the organization that had both nurtured him into responsible adulthood and shaken America's political consciousness. The break was real. During the last eleven months of his life, Malcolm made an eye-opening pilgrimage to Africa and the Middle East, and he publicly renounced Elijah Muhammad's theology as unorthodox and racist. He also began pondering conceptual alternatives to the movement's black nationalism, eventually deciding to activate a human rights campaign in America, and to place new emphasis on brotherhood, internationalism, anti-imperialism and, most important, progressive action.

But never did he cease being, as is said in the vernacular, hard. After establishing the orthodox Muslim Mosque Inc., Malcolm formed the ecumenical Organization of Afro-American Unity (O.A.A.U.), and he gave it the slogan "By Any Means Necessary." He never failed to remind audiences that while he didn't advocate violence, he did believe in the right to self-protection, particularly in a country as racially inequitable as the United States. And while white liberals and black (dare I say it) integrationists like to stress his embrace of brotherhood, even a cursory examination of his speeches reveals that Malcolm never changed his mind about what the chief enemy was: white American racism.

In 1965 Pathfinder Press published *Malcolm X Speaks*, a collection of speeches, interviews and correspondence that, with one exception, are from the last year of his life. The editing of both that book and *Malcolm X: The Last Speeches* emphasizes Malcolm's political evolution; its obvious intent is to reinforce the notion that Malcolm was loosening up, becoming more intellectually honest and, most significant, more willing to embrace white revolutionaries and traditional leftisms.

Malcolm X: The Last Speeches actually offers readers glimpses of more than that. The book's first two examples are standard Black Muslim fare, delivered in 1963 to predominantly white audiences at Michigan State University and the University of California at Berkeley. In the book's pair of radio interviews (December 1964), Malcolm distances himself from speeches like these, con-

Joe Wood is a writer living in Brooklyn, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tending that he was only "parroting" Elijah Muhammad's propaganda. But as parrot propagandists go, Malcolm performed brilliantly, making points he would later alter but never abandon:

> [The] new type [of black man] rejects the white man's Christian religion. He recognizes the real enemy. That Uncle Tom can't see his enemy. He thinks his friend is his enemy and his enemy is his friend. And he usually ends up loving his enemy, turning his other cheek to his enemy. But this new type, he doesn't turn the other cheek to anybody. He doesn't believe in any kind of peaceful suffering. He believes in obeying the law. He believes in respecting people. He believes in doing unto others as he would have done to himself. But at the same time, if anybody attacks him, he believes in retaliating if it costs him his life. And it is good for white people to know this. Because if white people get the impression that Negroes all endorse this old turn-the-other-cheek cowardly philosophy of Dr. Martin Luther King, then whites are going to make the mistake of putting their hands on some black man, thinking that he's going to turn the other cheek, and he'll end up losing his hand and losing his life in the try. [*Commotion and laughter*]

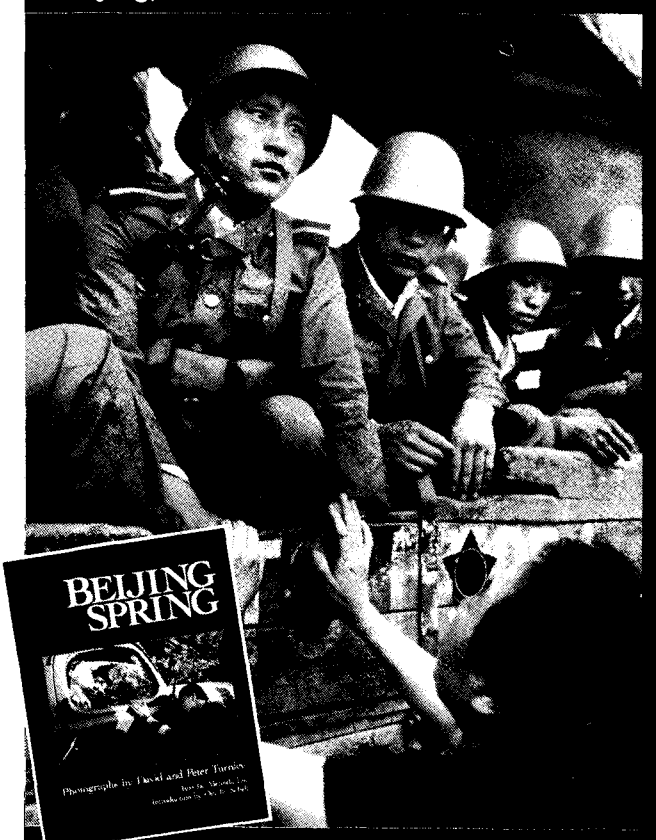
Malcolm is giving voice to this "new" type of black man; he is tapping into a rather traditional African-American will to self-determination and proclaiming his strength in terms anybody can understand and respect. In such talk one can witness the genesis of Malcolm's slogan, By Any Means Necessary, and observe the reason for his appeal to black *and* white audiences.

Yet behind Malcolm X's incredible ability to pick metaphors from the air, and behind his clarity and brutal earnestness, lurked a basic deception: Malcolm didn't believe a lot of what he was saying. In 1960, for instance, Elijah directed Malcolm to conduct secret talks with the Ku Klux Klan about the possibility of carving a black nation out of South Carolina. These negotiations made Malcolm uncomfortable—cutting deals with the blue-eyed devils simply did not sit well. But like any disciplined revolutionary, Malcolm felt he couldn't break ranks and did so only after internal politics and personal disillusionment forced him out.

In the last year of his life, Malcolm offered piecemeal explanations for his abrupt departure. Among these were what he described as the movement's willful lethargy and its racist unorthodoxy; these concerns surface with passionate cogency in the book's only gem, a speech Malcolm made the night after his house was firebombed (allegedly by members of Elijah's movement). Delivered on February 15, 1965, at Harlem's Audubon Ballroom—the site of his assassination less than a week later—these remarks show the profundity of his disappointment with the movement:

> And there has been a conspiracy across the country on the part of many factions of the press to suppress news that would open the eyes of the Muslims who are following Elijah Muhammad. They continue to make him look like he's a prophet somewhere who is getting some messages direct from God and is untouchable and things of that sort. I'm telling you the truth. But they do know that if something were to happen and all these brothers, their eyes were to come open, they would be right out here in every one of these civil rights organizations making these Uncle Tom Negro leaders stand up and fight like men instead of running around here nonviolently acting like women.
>
> So they hope Elijah Muhammad remains as he is for a long time because they know that any organization that

THE NEWS STORY OF THE DECADE
Beijing, China June 1989



In sympathy with a people yearning for freedom, the world watched spellbound as a seemingly victorious democratic movement was brought to a violent and bitter end. Prize-winning photojournalists David Turnley of the *Detroit Free Press* and Peter Turnley of *Newsweek*, together with *Newsweek*'s Asia Regional Editor, Melinda Liu, witnessed these events firsthand. From the publishers of *Why Are They Weeping?*, **BEIJING SPRING** is their exhilarating and explosive testament to the Chinese democracy movement—compelling because it is human drama, shattering because it is true.

BEIJING SPRING
Photographs by David and Peter Turnley
Text by Melinda Liu
Introduction by Orville Schell

More than 100 full-color photographs
176 pages, 8½ × 11″
$19.95 paper (1-55670-131-4)
$35.00 cloth (1-55670-130-6)

Available at fine bookstores or from Stewart, Tabori & Chang, 740 Broadway, New York, NY 10003. Please add $4.00 (postage and handling) when ordering from Stewart, Tabori & Chang. Call 212-460-5000 for more information.

STEWART, TABORI & CHANG

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he heads, it will not do anything in the struggle that the black man is confronted with in this country. Proof of which, look how violent they can get. They were violent, they've been violent from coast to coast. Muslims, in the Muslim movement, have been involved in cold, calculated violence. And not at one time have they been involved in any violence against the Ku Klux Klan. They're capable. They're qualified. They're equipped. They know how to do it. But they'll never do it—only to another brother. [*Applause*]

What throbs at bottom here is a very painful distress: Malcolm is rejecting, and has been rejected by, his spiritual/political father. Elijah's movement made Malcolm, forming him even as he helped form the Nation. Like any good lieutenant, Malcolm served with his eyes open. He'd heard the rumors about Elijah's character, had sat across the table from the Klan and had also concealed any doubts that had occurred to him. For his faith Malcolm was given the truth, which hurt.

By the time he made that speech, Malcolm had traveled through newly postcolonial Africa, and thereby broadened and sharpened his thinking. His essential "Black Muslim" outrage, however, remained, only with complications. The problems clearly did not come from his broader understanding of internationalism or anticapitalism or brotherhood. Malcolm never had much time to investigate these ideas thoroughly, nor did he ever abandon the sexism attendant on his notions of black manhood, nor did he fool himself about the privileges whites enjoy in this country. Rather, Malcolm's new perspective was made more complicated by his realization that he hadn't known his friends from his enemies, just like the Uncle Tom house Negroes he harped on in his Black Muslim speeches. Where in his old scheme, after all, does one place Elijah? The awful and unavoidable truth is that he must be classed alongside other useful revolutionaries turned sorry despots, men seduced by the jeweled trappings of institutional power.

What emerges, then, as Malcolm's most significant final-year revelation is not his admission of the possibility of white good, but his encounter with the disillusioning reality of "new" Negro corruption. *The Last Speeches* records Malcolm's most significant postrevolutionary change: his realization that he could not be *sure*. Readers will be reminded that the gun Malcolm holds in that famous photograph was being readied not for enemies who were white, but former comrades who were black. □

BOOK NOTES.

THE BELLAROSA CONNECTION. *By Saul Bellow. Penguin. 102 pp. $6.95.*

It's nice of Saul Bellow to publish his novellas in cheap paperbacks—sort of Regular American of him, populist and democratic. I just wish they had more bite. *The Bellarosa Connection* improves on *A Theft*, his previous paperback original. It's feistier, full of headlong motion, slapdash dazzle. But it stops so suddenly, as if worried about the great theme around the next curve, that we collide. There's reader whiplash. We have barely got acquainted with Harry Fonstein, a European Jew rescued from Hitler by the Broadway impresario Billy Rose; and Fonstein's American wife Sorella, who wants Rose to acknowledge his personal

New from TriQuarterly

Selected Poems:
The Weight of the Body

Stanislaw Baranczak

Translated from the Polish by several distinguished translators and the author, this is the first full-length poetry collection to be published in the U.S. by poet/essayist Stanislaw Baranczak, who has lived here in exile since 1981. Baranczak's is a distinctive voice of great range — from satire to elegy, from farce to lyric. His previous works include books of poems and of criticism; included in this latest volume is a new essay by the author. First winner of the Terrence Des Pres Prize for Poetry. 96 pages. $16.95, cloth; $8.95, paper. (Plus $1.50 shipping and handling.)

To order, contact ILPA, P.O. Box 816, Oak Park, IL 60303 / 1-800-242-4572.

The Nation Institute is now accepting applications for its 1990

ROBERT MASUR FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM IN CIVIL LIBERTIES

Named in memory of public interest attorney Robert Masur, the Fellowship is awarded annually to a law student with a demonstrated commitment to public interest work. The Masur Fellow will work part time on The Nation Institute's Supreme Court Watch project.

Responsibilities will include legal and investigative research as well as publishing and editing assignments. The Fellow will receive an $800 stipend.

To apply, send a résumé with two references and a cover letter explaining your experience and commitment to public interest law to: Denis Berger, Director, The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

APPLICATION DEADLINE: NOVEMBER 17, 1989

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responsibility for Fonstein's implausible survival. We want to hear more from our nameless narrator about the meaning of it all. But this narrator—a man made wealthy by teaching memory tricks to politicians, business executives and members of the defense establishment; an American Jew perhaps too much assimilated—chooses to forget. Forgetting, we are told, is the sleep of consciousness, a kind of death. But what exactly is he choosing *not* to remember? The Americanization of the Jews? The end of innocence in the Nazi death camps? Jerusalem itself? We don't really know the narrator well enough to decide, and Bellow, from whom we expect a flourish, turns off like a radio.

Until then, on this radio, there's been snap, crackle and pop. The problem here isn't ideas; Bellow's full of them. They're promiscuous, even disdainful: "the canned sauerkraut of Spengler's Prussian socialism," complained Herzog years ago; "the cant and rant of the pipsqueaks about inauthenticity and forlornness." And the problem isn't language, either. His art, as always, is brilliant, twitchy talk: mandarin and colloquial; long ironies and low laughs; Talmudic mutter and gangster slang; Melville, Huck Finn, Rudolf Steiner, Lenny Bruce. Here's his description of Billy Rose:

> Billy was as spattered as a Jackson Pollock painting, and among the main trickles was his Jewishness, with other streaks flowing toward secrecy—streaks of sexual weakness, sexual humiliation. At the same time he had to have his name in the paper. As someone said, he had a bug-like tropism for publicity.

And who else but Bellow would see "the slapstick side" of death camps, the Dada and Surrealism? "Prisoners were sent naked into a swamp and had to croak and hop like frogs. Freezing slave laborers lined up on parade in front of the gallows and a prison band played Viennese light opera waltzes."

The problem, instead, is character. Fonstein is too indistinct to care about. About Sorella we know mainly that she's fat: "She made you look twice at a doorway. When she came to it, she filled the space like a freighter in a canal lock." But why does she have to be—why not tall, skinny, blond or bald?—except that, invariably, there is something grotesque, something physically threatening, a pair of *Psycho* shoulders, about women in Bellow's fiction? When our narrator chooses to forget, is it because he's American, or rich, or childless, or divorced—or an adviser to military types? Why, anyway, did Israel reject his bag of memory tricks? None of this really adds up. Cynthia Ozick's recently published *The Shawl* is just as much about memory, and even shorter than *The Bellarosa Connection* and yet it breaks the heart . . . because it has one.

THE OTHER SIDE. *By Mary Gordon. Viking. 386 pp. $19.95.*

Mary Gordon's novels of the American Irish—from her stunning debut in *Final Payments* onward to *The Company of Women* and *Men and Angels*—have all been about parents and children, class and gender, dependence and autonomy, religion and neurosis, greed and sacrifice. Her irony is modern. Her knowingness is nineteenth century—omniscient and almost (but not quite) insolent. *The Other Side* is no exception. It's hard to think of a more accomplished novel in recent American fiction; it's also hard to imagine a sadder one. On a

Issues of Import for The Nation's Readers

Poletown
Community Betrayed
Jeanie Wylie
The dramatic account of a Detroit community's futile efforts to save itself when the neighborhood was marked for razing to accommodate construction of a Cadillac plant for General Motors. In a project backed by the local establishment—government, media, and religious leaders—more than 4,200 residents lost their homes, schools, churches, and businesses. Wylie's account captures the emotions and courage behind Poletown's efforts to save itself and points up the implications for other endangered neighborhoods. **"This book is about the ramifications of raw corporate power going unchecked."**—John Conyers, Michigan congressman. 43 illus. $24.95

Symbolic Defense
The Cultural Significance of the Strategic Defense Initiative
Edward Tabor Linenthal
Explores how a weapon that may never exist has profoundly shaped America's culture. "Rarely does the scholar of a subject so contemporary offer such acute and even-handed historical perspective. Succinct and vivid, *Symbolic Defense* challenges our stereotypes and uncovers the sources and meanings of a complex debate. It is, simply, *the* book about Star Wars that any concerned scholar or citizen should read." —Michael S. Sherry, author of *The Rise of American Airpower*. Foreword by Paul Boyer. 117 editorial cartoons. $19.95

Decoding Abortion Rhetoric
The Communication of Social Change
Celeste Michelle Condit
Condit examines the persuasive tactics and methods used by both sides in the ongoing abortion debate. She offers readers both an orderly way through the barrage of rhetoric with which we are all bombarded and an opportunity to identify and clarify their own opinions on a very difficult subject. Illus. $24.95

At bookstores, or phone free 800/666-2211 or FAX free 800/688-2877

University of Illinois Press
c/o CUP Services • P. O. Box 6525
Ithaca, NY 14851

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We know the Amazon is burning
Now find out why
And how it can be saved

THE FATE OF THE FOREST

DEVELOPERS, DESTROYERS AND DEFENDERS OF THE AMAZON

Susanna Hecht and Alexander Cockburn

"gripping . . . eye-opening . . . readable" —*Bookseller, U.K.*

"solid, incisive analysis" —*Kirkus Reviews, U.S.*

0 86091 2612

VERSO

$24.95

BLUES

rhapsody films

JAZZ

Special Holiday Sale
of all Rhapsody Videos

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

(Only Available Directly From Rhapsody Films, Inc.)

$19.95

BILL EVANS ON THE CREATIVE PROCESS
AFTER HOURS (Coleman Hawkins & Roy Eldridge)
JAZZ HOOFER (Baby Laurence)
SONNY ROLLINS LIVE
ZOOT SIMS QUARTET
L.A. ALL STARS (Big Joe Turner)
JACKIE McLEAN ON MARS
LES McCANN TRIO
BLUES LIKE SHOWERS OF RAIN
SIPPIE WALLACE
JAZZ SHORTS
JAZZ IS OUR RELIGION
JAZZ (Earl Hines & Coleman Hawkins)
SOUND? Rahsaan Roland Kirk and John Cage)
DIFFERENT DRUMMER (Elvin Jones)
ORNETTE COLEMAN TRIO—1966
ANYTHING FOR JAZZ (Jaki Byard)
BARRY HARRIS—PASSING IT ON
NEW MUSIC (John Carter)
SHELLY MANNE QUARTET
PERCY MAYFIELD
AN AMERICAN SONGSTER (John Jackson)
BIG CITY BLUES
MUSIC OF THE UNITED FRONT

PLUS an additional 10% discount when you purchase 3 or more titles.

$29.95

THE LAST OF THE BLUE DEVILS (Count Basie, KC Jazz)
CHICAGO BLUES (Muddy Waters)
MINGUS (Charlie)
ABDULLAH IBRAHIM: A Brother with Perfect Timing
BORN TO SWING (Count Basie Alumni)
ERNIE ANDREWS—BLUES FOR CENTRAL AVENUE
JAZZ IN EXILE(Dexter Gordon)
ART BLAKEY—THE JAZZ MESSENGER
JAZZ IS MY NATIVE LANGUAGE (Toshiko Akiyoshi)
TALMAGE FARLOW
STEVE LACY: LIFT THE BANDSTAND
MAXWELL STREET BLUES
'TIL THE BUTCHER CUTS HIM DOWN
SUN RA—A JOYFUL NOISE
GEORGE CRUMB—VOICE OF THE WHALE
BATOUKA—FESTIVAL OF PERCUSSION

CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
RHAPSODY FILMS, INC.
P.O. BOX 179
NEW YORK, NY 10014
(212) 243-0152

NEW YORK RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX
SHIPPING & HANDLING
$4.00 PER ORDER

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE/ZIP D

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

single day in August 1985, in a house on Linden Street in Queens Village, New York, we meet four generations of MacNamaras. We wear their hair-shirt skins and read their furious minds. On the family clock, each is an hour, fixed in place, absorbed in his or her minutes, going nowhere. The second hand ticks by, lingers, points, sweeps on, returns. This is the all-knowing novelist. Like Ellen, the grandmother, mad and dying; like her daughter Theresa, soured by the Church; like her granddaughter Camille, angry and sexually entranced; the novelist tells stories "with a taste for condemnation like a taste for salt," in prose that lashes like a whip, that stings and cracks; these are stories of rage, dread, envy, impotence, bitter disappointment, incomprehension and contempt.

Why are the MacNamaras so unhappy? Maybe some of it is Ireland's fault. Anger drove Ellen from Ireland at the turn of the century: "Scorn made her feel real to herself; contempt assured her she drew breath." Ellen's grandson Dan "studied primitive societies" in college and "loved in them what he had loved about his grandparents: the sense of keeping the thread you were born holding between your fingers . . . of not letting go"; and yet he thinks that "unhappiness was bred into the bone, a message in the blood, a code of weakness. The sickle-cell anemia of the Irish: they had to thwart joy in their lives." Camille tells her Jewish lover, "God, it must be a burden being part of a superior culture. It's kind of a relief coming from a bunch of third-raters or self-destructors. Flops." A nun tells Camille, "You're just like all the Irish. You like the idea of a thing better than the thing itself. You like standing for something better than being something." Certainly, on "the other side," in America, they have experienced religious bigotry and class hatred. And there's always their own Church, the tyranny of superstition, against which various MacNamaras revolt—in the radical politics of union organizing, civil rights, social work, *pro bono* law.

But finally, family itself, a death-in-life of grudge holding, of absent love, of secrets, closes in on their hopes like a fist. Ellen's 88-year-old husband, Vincent, who is to return to his dying wife this August day, thinks families are "terrible" and wonders "why they weren't what they were meant to be, what they could almost be so easily." He shuffles memory like a deck of cards: "They could all say, 'Now we will love each other. And our unhappiness will end.'" He is Ulysses, a warrior returned from a nursing home to a Penelope gone mad, but his war was a marriage, and we hope for recognition and forgiveness. Gordon won't forgive. All she does is *understand*. She makes us see, she gets it right, we cringe and wince. It's very cold, this Irishness. I ought to know and wish I didn't.

JOHN LEONARD

MUSEUMS.

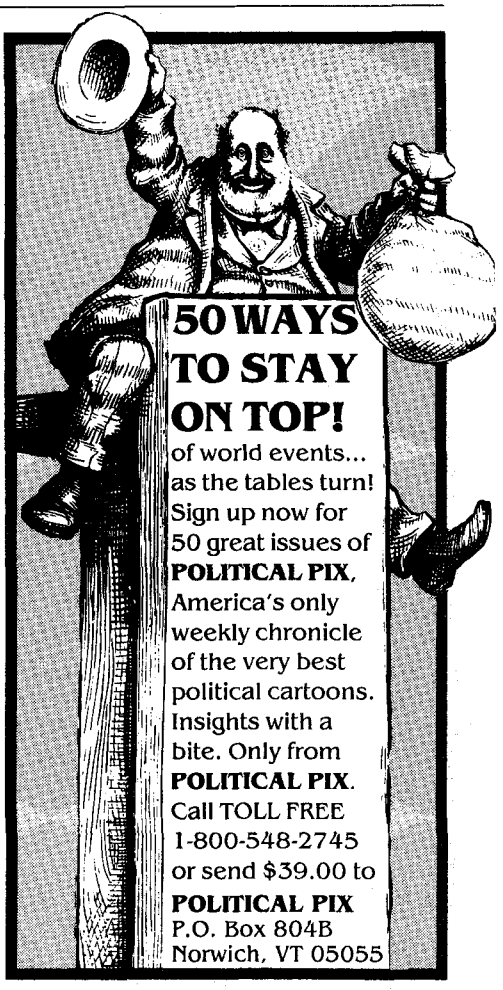
EDWARD CHAPPELL

The National Open Air and Cultural History Museum in Pretoria hires native women in "traditional" garb to grind corn outside grass and mud huts for the edification of white museumgoers, who are apparently uninterested in real scenes of native women living in houses of corrugated metal in squatter settlements nearby. The unwary tourist might interpret these demonstrations as benign museum counterparts of the humorous portrait of cultural contact in *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, a South African film that still plays to large American audiences.

As South African anthropologists Martin Hall and Margot Winer see it, the views of society presented by both the film and the Pretoria museum fall nicely into line with apartheid policy, which maintains that segregated homelands are necessary to support ethnically distinct people. Delusive anthropological models are employed as a basis for dividing Bantu-speaking people into separate language groups and therefore separate "homelands." Of course, precolonial southern Africa was not one great throbbing land benevolently shared by a homogenous culture. But it is evident that the Pretoria government and its cultural institutions emphasize and create ethnic distinctions to further their political aims.

Although few museums of history share the explicit and particularly treacherous intent of those in South Africa, equally few offer the objective social portraits generally ascribed to them. Exhibitions of native life mounted by politically dominant groups normally share those groups' essential attitudes

Edward Chappell is an architectural historian working in Williamsburg, Virginia.



FALL 1989

THUNDER'S MOUTH PRESS

The People Rising
By Michael Pertschuk and Wendy Schaetzel

An INVALUABLE case study for citizen activists. The authors go behind the scenes of the battle to block the appointment of Robert Bork to the Supreme Court and reveal the workings of a successful coalition.

"This may be *the* most important book of the 1990s."

Congressman Richard Bolling

$13.95 paper 0-938410-89-x
$24.95 cloth 0-938410-88-1

Available in bookstores, or from Thunder's Mouth Press, 54 Greene Street, Suite 4S, New York, NY 10013.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward human society. American and European museums teach us that what is most important and intriguing about native cultures here and in distant lands is their outlandish and primitive qualities. The subject people are usually depicted as radically different from the majority of museum visitors, as exotic beings rather than people who might affect or be affected by the larger economic environments that we have shared. The struggle of local people against colonizers or the confrontation of new ways and old are not the only challenging subjects for museums, but their single-minded avoidance of these issues is no longer justifiable.

Anna Roosevelt, Amazonian anthropologist with New York City's Museum of Natural History, argues that sanitized depictions of unacculturated people are more than simplistic: They are often broadly inaccurate. By transporting the seemingly traditional traits of living people backward into the prehistoric past and ignoring what are thought to be modern intrusions—a process Roosevelt calls "ethnographic projection"—scholars and their museums often present a fictitious culture.

While fascination with accounts of outlandish primitives and the collecting of their artifacts extends back at least to the 1500s, the great era of ethnographic museum presentation was the end of the last century, when museum planners both created and responded to strong popular interest in the human as well as animal species. As closely related to colonialism as to Darwin, public perceptions of "inferior" but highly interesting populations were cultivated by the actual presence of imported tribal people housed in re-created traditional buildings at European zoos and international expositions. Some zoos, such as Tierpark Hagenbeck in Hamburg, specialized in people from lands that their governments had colonized. It was during this era that most European nations built marble halls in which to display the trophies of empire.

Such distressing practices were more than a mechanistic extension of the colonial system, extracting wealth and a little amusement from the undeveloped lands exploited by capitalist nations. The abuse of indigenous people in the nineteenth century was a conscious act, just as it is today when mineral companies manipulate native land controversies at Four Corners in the American Southwest, or when Indonesian officials dispossess the native people of Irian Jaya to make way for Javanese transmigration.

The problem with nineteenth-century breast-and-scalp shows is that they remain alive and well not just in Cape Town and Pretoria but at such celebrated institutions as the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, the Field Museum in Chicago and the Musée de L'Homme in Paris. Museum treatments of indigenous peoples are still found primarily in natural history museums, and they continue to deal with their subjects as though they are all extinct, or at least completely removed from the modern political world.

At the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History/National Museum of Man in Washington, one moves past mastodon bones and a re-created Neanderthal burial directly into the realm of sub-Saharan African culture, with dioramas of Luvale boys dancing for their manhood and Pygmy hunters preparing to kill a monkey. From there it's a short step to the aliens of the Orient and, just past cases of colorful butterflies and seashells, the native cultures of the Americas and the Pacific. These galleries offer beautiful tools of war, decorated skulls and more insipid dioramas illustrating "tipi etiquette" and Powhatan Indians saying "How" to

JUNE FOUR

A Chronicle of the Chinese Democratic Uprising

By the photographers and reporters of the *Ming Pao News*

June Four is the English translation of the first book thoroughly documenting the suppression of the student rebellion in China and the mammoth demonstrations that were without precedent in the history of the People's Republic. It collects more than two hundred photographs and covers every important daily event, as reported by the *Ming Pao News*, from Hu Yaobang's death to Deng Xiaoping's reappearance on television on June 9. Supplemented with the texts of speeches and open letters delivered by students and government officials alike, declarations of martial law and hunger strikes, and transcripts of dialogues between the two sides, ***June Four*** provides a chilling chronicle of a terrible moment in China's history.

$14.95 (paper only)

Available at fine bookstores or direct from

ARKANSAS

The University of Arkansas Press, Fayetteville 72701 (501) 575-3246

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Captain John Smith. Just beyond are the stuffed effigies of other mammalian Americans—mountain goats, buffalo and polar bears. Similar arrangements survive in major museums across the country not as quaint reminders of outdated scientific ethnocentricities but as our principal public-supported messages about indigenous humanity.

"By the time they reach second grade, every child in the country knows what an Indian is," says Rayna Green, director of the American Indian Program at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History. "They wear lots of feathers, ride spotted ponies and shoot arrows. Indians who don't fit the type are invisible; they simply can't be imagined by the majority of white children or adults." Films and television have played a major role in creating this image, but museums have almost always supported the stereotype.

Teaching cultural relativism at Columbia University early this century, anthropologist Franz Boas successfully discredited the idea that contemporary native peoples represent stages of cultural evolution below the level of industrialized societies. For most thoughtful anthropologists today, the ways in which native peoples survive in the modern world, coping with the presence of external political powers, mass-produced goods and radical environmental change have replaced purely descriptive studies of indigenous housing and dress as subjects of useful inquiry. Cultural Survival, an organization founded by Harvard anthropologists, has entered international politics and commerce in support of threatened indigenous peoples and created a sort of Amnesty International for minority cultures. Yet museums and public interest have been slow to follow.

Research and advocacy groups have sparked a growing concern about the fate of rain forest populations, but museums have done little to open some minds to the lives, ideas and needs of these native peoples. One highly visible Smithsonian show, "Tropical Rain Forests: A Disappearing Treasure," was effective in teaching about the complexity of human and environmental factors involved in deforestation. For all its attention to individual voices, though, it was noticeably noncommittal about the human rights of the affected native populations.

By ignoring all but the earliest contact between Native Americans and Europeans, U.S. museums continue to suggest to Indians that they have no meaningful role to play in the nation's affairs. At the same time, they encourage non-Native Americans to overlook relationships in which fair and conscientious economic decisions need to be made. By implying that recent Indian history is either unworthy of attention or too embarrassing to treat publicly, they reinforce majority perceptions of the kind expressed by some northern Wisconsin whites in the slogan, "Save a walleye, spear a pregnant squaw," and by the Supreme Court's latest rejection of native rights to protect sacred worship sites [see Jim Oberly, "Spearing Fish, Playing 'Chicken,'" June 19].

After persistent pressure from native rights groups, re-created Indian graves have slowly been removed from display at the most prominent museums. Even a dignified state-funded show of antique artifacts from the Ganondagan site in New York State was disclaimed in 1986 by its Iroquois advisers because most of the objects had, over many years, been taken from the graves. The funerary origin of most early Native American artifacts with artistic appeal is a common problem among museums striving for social responsibility.

Many prehistorians defend mothball storage of Native American burial arti-

New Paperbacks for Critical Times

SUBURBAN AMBUSH
Downtown Writing and the Fiction of Insurgency
Robert Siegle

While Hollywood and the bestseller lists hype a fake underground with phony sensationalism, writers like Kathy Acker, Lynne Tillman, Patrick McGrath, Eric Bogosian, Joel Rose, Ron Kolm, and others have been living and writing about the real thing—and reinventing American fiction in the process. *Suburban Ambush* is an indispensable introduction to the women and men writing about what the *Village Voice* has called "the lower east side of somebody's gut."

$14.95

READING IN AMERICA
Literature and Social History
edited by Cathy N. Davidson

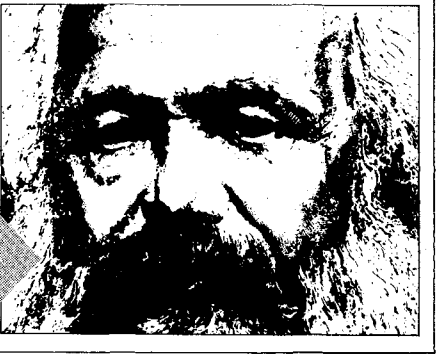
What did early Americans read? How has the Book-of-the-Month Club influenced middle-brow culture? Do America's "one-dimensional" media threaten to render books irrelevant? This history of books in America looks at the role of reading in the lives of women and men, minorities, workers, and immigrants.

$11.95

CRITICAL THEORY, MARXISM, AND MODERNITY
Douglas Kellner

Douglas Kellner explores the effects of historical crises of capitalism and Marxism on critical theory and reflects on its continued relevance or obsolescence. "As we move into the 1990s," he writes, "critical theory might help produce theoretical and political perspectives which could be part of a Left Turn that could reanimate the political hopes of the 1960s, while helping overcome and reverse the losses and regression of the 1980s."

$14.95



Available from your bookstore or call: 1-800-537-5487

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

facts, yet European-American cemeteries are seldom excavated despite their potential for providing information about the same subjects—health, diet, life expectancy—that native remains provide. Scientific analysis of skeletons has recently begun to play a more informative role in archeological research, but the general unwillingness of prehistorians to consider Native American concern about the dead seems a particularly inexcusable case of ethnic hegemony.

Yet some museums offer hope and a few even give cause for celebration. We now see the slow and fitful appearance of shows that respectfully examine beliefs of native peoples and present their perspectives, occasionally in their own words. Most obvious and widespread are those that recognize aesthetically pleasing objects as the artistic creations of individuals working in a cultural context rather than as anonymous expressions of shared values. There is occasionally a frank and full portrayal of native people as individuals, individuals who experience terrible pressure to change their lives and who survive to tell the story.

A few examples illustrate the new direction. "After the Revolution: Everyday Life in America, 1760–1800," the National Museum of American History's big permanent show, is intended to be an egalitarian portrait of life in the early Republic. It presents slavery more frankly than the Smithsonian has done before, and it begins to suggest what parts of African culture were destroyed by slavery and what parts survived. The show briefly treats the economic and political power of the Iroquois confederacy and looks in some detail at how the lives of Seneca women and men changed in response to acculturative pressures in the years after the Revolution. Most compelling is the presentation of the Seneca creation story as an alternative explanation of our presence on earth. Dance masks are represented pictorially instead of using the objects themselves. That choice was made in response to the sentiment of living Senecas, who objected to the public display of these ritual objects. Most museums with substantial Native American collections ignore such entreaties. Larger treatments with comparable sympathies are necessary, but "After the Revolution" is a thoughtful beginning.

The dispute over artifacts from Ganondagan village also reflects the active involvement of Native Americans in determining how the site is presented to the public. The seventeenth-century village was designated a historic site in the early 1970s at the insistence of Iroquois leaders, and Iroquois have planned its interpretation. This includes an explanation of why the village was destroyed by its residents in 1687 in the face of French attack and—equally important—Iroquois perceptions of the natural universe. In this case, allowing the historic site to be run by the descendants of its seventeenth-century occupants has produced more than fair representation. It actually increases the value of seeing the exhibits by making the objects more than disconnected exotic artifacts in a case; it offers us new ways of seeing the natural environment.

The most pervasive change in the presentation of indigenous people has occurred in art museums. Any self-respecting museum concerned with a general history of art has built or found space for African galleries, and the work of other native peoples has followed. The principal event in this area has been the creation of the National Museum of African Art in a handsome museum building at the Smithsonian. The fine

"Goldstein lifts the history of sport to a new level of analysis, one that illuminates neglected aspects of American society and culture."—David Brion Davis, Yale University

"An important contribution to American cultural history and to the history and sociology of sports."—Roy Rosenzweig, George Mason University

Emphasizing the game's simultaneous character as work and play, Goldstein discusses the history of baseball and the emotional intensity of baseball's labor relations. $21.95

PLAYING FOR KEEPS

A History of Early Baseball

Warren Goldstein

At bookstores, or clip this ad and send with payment to CUP, or call 800-666-2211 (credit cards only)

Name
Address
City
State Zip
Check or money order
American Express
Mastercard Visa
Expiration date
Card #
Customer's daytime phone #
Amount
NYS residents add 7%
Postage $2.00
PR:CY Total

124 Roberts Place
Ithaca, NY 14850
Cornell University Press

PITTSBURGH
Poetry Series

Green Age
Alicia Suskin Ostriker
Witty, daring, and humane—new poems from one of the most praised poets of her generation. "All of us who are women poets, idol breakers and revisionists . . . feel a deep kinship to the work of Alicia Ostriker."—Eleanor Wilner *November/$16.95 cloth, $8.95 paper*

Captivity
Toi Derricotte
"Toi Derricotte moves us . . . through worlds some black women have always known, but at times suspected might live only on the insides of our own eyelids. The pain does not exceed the power."—Audre Lorde. *December/$16.95 cloth, $8.95 paper*

Toluca Street
Maxine Scates
WINNER OF THE 1988 AGNES LYNCH STARRETT POETRY PRIZE
"Unflinching in its clear-sighted political awareness and generous in its scope and forgiveness for personal harm. I admire enormously both the ambition and the achievement of this book."—Maggie Anderson
October/$16.95 cloth, $8.95 paper

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS
PITTSBURGH, PA 15260

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

collections are generally presented in terms of artistic merit and function, but special thematic shows have consistently used African art to look closely at communities and individuals and to illuminate historical change as well as cultural continuity. Last year, a show employed collections of German photographs rather than three-dimensional art objects to analyze native and colonial interaction at the court of Bamum in what is now Cameroon. Other shows at the Museum of African Art have suggested social roles for artistic media ranging from gold to gourds. The success of this museum and others like it across the country is perhaps the most encouraging museum development of the last half century.

While Native American art does not yet have a national museum of comparable stature, it continues to attract a lot of attention. Between 1977 and 1985, curator Ralph Coe traveled around the United States and Canada collecting recent Indian art for a show called "Lost and Found Traditions," sponsored by the American Federation of Arts and presented at a number of American museums. Coe's intention was to develop a collection of traditional craftwork representative of what is now being produced rather than a hit parade of objects by the most famous Native American artists. By commissioning a Sioux woman's beaded buckskin dress from Regina Brave Bull and buying an exceptional Grando rug made by Navajo weaver Mae Jim, Coe nudged at the upper edges of contemporary craftsmanship, but he also included beaded sneakers and baseball caps, to the confusion and displeasure of some well-known art critics.

Whether visitors to Coe's show moved slowly and pondered each piece or raced breathlessly through the galleries, the impression was memorable: Native American traditions in making beautiful things are alive and flourishing, despite the assaults on their communities. Finally, despite the conscious omission of many acknowledged masterpieces, the show disabused the notion that Native American work is largely anonymous because it exhibits strong cultural affinities. Other shows of new Native American art, generally much smaller and focused on individuals or single tribes, have consistently made this point. However, like most of these more modest shows, "Lost and Found Traditions" treats its objects as decorative art, dealing only peripherally with their role in the communities from which they come. Beaded sneakers suggest a mass market, but they are not used to teach about life on reservations.

Despite their reputation for keeping inadequate records about community context, the old ethnographic collections sometimes reveal much more than expected. The National Museum of Natural History/National Museum of Man and the Museum of Anthropology and Ethnography in Leningrad worked together for ten years to produce a show rich with artifacts and cultural meaning about native people of Siberia and Alaska. This splashy event, called "Crossroads of Continents," tries to present these people's lives using categories of reality comprehensible to the subject people: food gathering, social order, role of people in the creation and so on. Bringing the subject into the twentieth century allows use of taped and filmed material, so people are permitted to speak for themselves about connections across national boundaries. The show acknowledges the disruption of this contact when Russia sold Alaska in 1867, and it hints at the changes resulting from contact with new people and technology. It gives some reason to think that perhaps it is not necessary to board up the "Halls of Man" in such museums. Still, "Crossroads of Continents" acts fundamentally like an old-fashioned ethnographic exposition. Individuals remain entirely subordinated to group identity, fundamental change is not closely examined, and extraordinary objects are used more to dazzle viewers than to raise questions about their meaning in the community. "Crossroads of Continents" is a fine step toward improving East-West cultural relations—Russian banners hanging from a Smithsonian edifice are worth seeing—but it is limited in what it does for either the subjects of the show or its patrons.

Difficult for most Americans to see but of substantial importance as a model for other museums is a new installation at the Australian Museum in Sydney that treats the lives of Aborigines, particularly those in New South Wales. The exhibition was planned jointly by museum curators and representatives from Aboriginal communities, with results that contrast sharply with the cool detachment of "Crossroads of Continents." The show, called "Aboriginal Australia," takes into account regional cultural diversity, exotic-looking artifacts and modern means of recapturing

EVENTS.

BERKSHIRE FORUM WINTER TRIPS

JANUARY 4-19: **Research Trip to Cuba**
An exploration of press, radio, television and the arts.

MARCH 8-22: **Israel and the West Bank**
A tour concentrating on Israeli-Palestinian relations under the guidance of Gail Pressberg.

For information write/call Berkshire Forum, RD 1, Box 124, Stephentown, NY 12168; (518) 733-5497.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR SALVADORAN LABOR LEADER FEBE ELIZABETH VELASQUEZ

and ten other Trade Unionists murdered October 31 in the Union Office building

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 7 PM

St. Francis Assisi Church, 135 W. 31st Street

Sponsored by the New York Area Labor Committee for Democracy and Human Rights in El Salvador. (212) 732-5411.

BOOK PARTY WITH MIHAILO MARKOVIC

for new, expanded Columbia University Press edition of **Raya Dunayevskaya's** *Philosophy and Revolution*, on sale for $12.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 6 PM

Columbia University Marxist-Humanist Club
Dodge Room, Earl Hall
Broadway & 116th Street, New York City

Book also from News & Letters, 59 E. Van Buren #707, Chicago, IL 60605

CELEBRATE THE COMPLETION OF THE PATHFINDER MURAL

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19

1:30 PM: Dedication at Mural site, corner of Charles and West Streets, Greenwich Village, New York City.

3 PM: Benefit program, Westbeth Gallery, 55 Bethune Street (3 blocks north of mural); performing artist **Pete Seeger** and **Women of the Calabash.**

Donation: $10. For more information, contact Pathfinder Mural Project, 410 West Street, New York, NY 10014; (212) 727-8421 or (718) 398-6983.

132 ARTISTS

Ninth Annual Art Exhibit and Sale at affordable prices, *including* works by R. Baranik, Sue Coe, Dali, Evergood, Frasconi, H. Gottlieb, Gropper, J. Hirsch, M. Jules, C. Keller, Lozowick, Alice Neel, Reisman, Shoulberg, W. Granville Smith, Solman, R. Soyer and 115 others, including many WPA.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 6-10 PM
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, NOON-6 PM
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19, NOON-6 PM

Unity Center, 235 West 23rd Street
(Between 7th and 8th Avenues)

Benefit for the Reference Center for Marxist Studies, Inc.

PROTEAN FORMS COLLECTIVE

"The Spectre of Violence in Theatre and Media"

Live and video segments and group discussion exploring how theater and other media depict and interpret violence. Guests include: **Judith Malina** and **Hanon Reznikov** (Living Theatre), **Bimbo Rivas** (Loisaida poet), **Bob Fass** (WBAI's "Radio Unnamable"), **Stephen Angell** (Alternative to Violence Project), **Marcia Wilson** (video documentary) and **Joanie Fritz** (author, *12 Steps to Murder*)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 7 PM
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 7 PM

Middle Collegiate Church, 50 E. 7th Street, New York City

Donation $6/8/10. For information and registration call The Learning Alliance (212) 226-7171.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSCRIBING TO OUR PRINCIPLES ISN'T ENOUGH.

You should be subscribing to our magazine, too.

Because week in and week out *The Nation* brings you the likes of Katha Pollitt, Edward Sorel and Christopher Hitchens in every issue.

They're not only some of the best writers and illustrators around—they do their best work for us.

The Nation.

YES! I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR MAGAZINE, TOO. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a saving of 64% off the newsstand price and 18% off the regular price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ Double my saving. Send me a full year (47 issues) for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES.
☐ Please bill me later.

For new subscribers only.
Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues, $14/one year.
Air Mail rates available upon request.
Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION OH 43305

D9L4S-2

the prehistoric past. The spiritual world is given sympathetic and full treatment, with evocative explanations of the "dreamtime" before Aboriginal people lived on the earth and of the direct links between living people and the dreamtime spirits.

What most distinguishes the Sydney show from "Crossroads" is the extent to which the radical change of the post-contact era is drawn into the story rather than grudgingly appended as a final chapter. It deals frankly with the brutal majority policies toward the Aborigines, from as early as 1788 to 1951, when major assimilation legislation was adopted by the Commonwealth. One leaves the show with the sense of having seen a coherent story, one that continues firmly into the present rather than having essentially ended with the abandonment of traditional material culture and subsistence patterns. The differences represent different museum perspectives and intentions rather than different subjects. This is most vividly illustrated by the way in which the Sydney museum interviewed living people specifically for the show, allowing them to speak frankly about being herded onto reservations and trained for a life of servitude in white homes, not just about the safer subjects of native customs and beliefs. The Sydney show, like "Crossroads," is a large exhibition, but it says much more about the interdependence of cultures in the twentieth century than does the more lavish Washington-Leningrad extravaganza.

There is nothing innately wrong with museums portraying the exceptional quality of native culture. There are many reasons for native people to take pride in what makes them distinctive, and for the rest of us to be interested enough to learn about them. On both counts, museums can and occasionally have played a useful role. Furthermore, it would be myopic for institutions to use native groups solely as a vehicle for observing the effects of cultural hegemony—not that such a revolution in museum orientation is likely to occur. But museums should stop treating native populations as natural specimens and instead deal with them as people singly and collectively responding to change. "Crossroads of Continents" shows that improvement is possible, and the Sydney exhibition demonstrates that museums can help us to consider our responsibilities and reveal something of the humanity that we all share. □

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

BRADENTON, WEST COAST FLORIDA. Room in private home 12 minutes from Gulf, day, week, month, January to April. (813) 747-3541.

SUBLET: HUGE 7-ROOM APARTMENT, *New Rochelle (half-hour* to Grand Central Station). January to May 1990. $750/month, 1 person; $900/month, 2 or more. (914) 636-0947.

APARTMENTS DESIRED

WOMAN CONCERT PIANIST, recently moved to the Berkshires, needs room and bath on Upper West Side for from 5 to 12 weekdays a month. Call (212) 662-0897.

UNDERPAID, quiet and responsible interns seek low-rent apartment share, sublet or house-sitting arrangements anywhere in New York City starting right away. Call Peter Meyer at (212) 242-8400.

NATION WORKER seeks apartment or share in Brooklyn or Manhattan, $400 to $500 a month. Call Sandy McCroskey Monday-Thursday at (212) 242-8400, Friday-Sunday (718) 855-0441.

BOOKLETS

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING booklet illustrates ideas for lightening the burden of literacy. Thoughty, amusing! $3 each. Three available: Shakespear, Paul Revere/One-Hoss Shay, and miscellaneous light verse. $1 shipping. Wright & Good, Publishers, P.O. Box 423, Yellow Springs, OH 45387.

BOOKS

THE NATIONAL AMERICANIST. The best publication on money, banking and investment quicksands. Introductory copy FREE. Write: Monetary Science, Box 86-NA, Wickliffe, OH 44092.

FREE MARIJUANA book and magazine catalog. Over 50 books and periodicals available. Read drug information by freelance and professional journalists which the mainstream newsmedia consciously ignores. Send for free catalog: New Moon Publishing, P.O. Box 1027, Corvallis, OR 97339. 1-(800) 888-6785.

SOMOZA and the Legacy of U.S. Involvement in Central America. By Bernard Diederich ("An indispensable historian for Central America."—Graham Green). 352 pp. $12.95 + $2 shipping. Waterfront Press, 52 Maple Ave., Maplewood NJ 07040.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICE

Wm CAXTON BOOK SEARCH, Box 709, Sister Bay, WI 54234. Send phone/address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

CASSETTES

Audio Cassette-of-the-Month Club®

We offer 3 clubs; 1) *American History;* 2) *Literature and Great Writers;* 3) *Mindstretchers.* Costs under $5 per cassette. Call toll-free 1-800-243-1234 (except CT), or write: **Audio-Forum** Dept. 576, Guilford, CT 06437.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

CASSETTES

SOVIET DOCUMENTARY VHS. Send $1 for our list of 89 Soviet Documentary VHS Video Tapes in English. Some recent and rare. Society For Cultural Relations, USA/USSR, 5768 W. Pico Blvd. #203, Los Angeles, CA 90019. (213) 937-4130.

LISTEN! * Deforestation * CIA * El Salvador * Economics * South Africa * Art & Politics *This and more from American Dialogues Radio with Robert Foxworth. Cassettes available, send for free list to 8033 Sunset Blvd., #967, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

EDWARD SAID/MERON BENVENISTI. *Two Views of the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict*. Tapes of this *Nation*/New School event are now available. Each 2-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Two Views," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

COMPUTERS

LONG-TIME *NATION* EMPLOYEE, now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to *Nation* readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark Rausher at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861.

COUNSELING

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity. (212) 582-5508.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS? Caring, mature, experienced clinical psychotherapist will help resolve them. Short-term treatment where possible. Sliding scale. New York City. (212) 466-6775; Nassau (516) 484-1249.

EDUCATION

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!
Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning, 56 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234** Dept. 577
AUDIO-FORUM® Guilford, CT 06437

HOME STUDY COURSE IN ECONOMICS. A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free—small charge for materials. Write Henry George Institute, 121 E. 30th Street, New York, NY 10016.

INSTITUTE FOR INTERNATIONAL
Plant Trees in Mozambique or Explore Western & Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. 10 month GLOBAL EDUCATION programs include technical, language and documentation training; international solidarity work & travel; community education in the U.S. upon return. Courses begin Jan. 1, 1990. Free brochure and application.
✍: IICD, 1117 Hancock Rd, Williamstown, MA 01267. (413) 268-9229.
COOPERATION AND DEVELOPMENT

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST Puzzles! Book 5 of these British-style crosswords, $5.50 postpaid. Write E.S. Lewis, 32 Pembroke Avenue, Acushnet MA 02743.

GIFTS

The 1990 Peace Calendar
Hauling Up Morning
Poetry and Images of Latin America
5½ x 8½ desk calendar
$8.95 each/Four for $32.00
Order from: **War Resisters League**
339 Lafatette St, Dept, A
New York, NY 10012
Or write for free brochure for more details

CAT LOVERS AGAINST THE BOMB. 1990 Wall Calendar. Great gift idea. $7.95 ppd. Nebraskans for Peace, 129 North 10th #426N, Lincoln, NE 68508.

FASHION UP! with a *Nation* T-Shirt, now in WHITE. Comfortable (100% cotton), cool (red or black lettering on a white shirt), competitive ($11.95 each, includes UPS delivery). M, L, XL. Mail to: The Nation Fashion Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add sales tax.)

MERCHANDISE

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from $100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Buyers Guide. 1-(805) 687-6000, Ext. S-3596.

RECYCLERS DO IT MORE THAN ONCE bumper sticker. Send $1.50 to Atlantic, Box 11021, Baltimore, MD 21212.

I'M PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN
LIBERAL
$2 B-STICKER
KD SIGNS
BOX 20610-N
OAKLAND CA
94620

GEOGRAPHICALLY ILLITERATE? Colorful, laminated, professionally detailed placemats of U.S. or World. $3 each, any four $10, plus $2 shipping. M. Ruskin, P.O. Box 1215-N, New York, NY 10268.

NATION CASES AND BINDERS
Organize and protect your back issues of *The Nation*. Both cases and binders are covered in an attractive dark red leatherette with a gold *Nation* logo. 1 case or binder holds 6 months (1 volume).
Cases $7.95, 3 for $21.95, 6 for $39.95.
Binders $9.95, 3 for $27.95, 6 for $52.95.
Add $1 per unit for postage/handling.
Send order to: The Nation, Jesse Jones Industries, Dept N
499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134
Major credit cards accepted for orders over $15
To charge call 1-(800) 972-5858
Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
Foreign orders add $2.50/unit. Payment in U.S. currency.
Pa. residents add 6% sales tax.

MISCELLANEOUS

RUSSIAN TYPEWRITERS, Brand new Erika portable, $225; Spanish portable typewriters, $149.50; Ukrainian typewriters, $275; Korean typewriters $275. Also, English and other language typewriters. Russian language instruction. Jacob Sachs, 251 West 98th Street, New York, NY 10025. (212) 222-6683.

MISCELLANEOUS

Atlantic Recycled Paper Co.
copy paper • letterheads • computer paper
envelopes • paper towels (for home & office)
napkins • toilet paper
For Free Price Sheet Call
800-323-2811

PAKISTAN. In view of the unfairness and wrongful imprisonment of many women of Pakistan, a review by the Pakistan Parliament to rectify the Zia Laws. Good luck in your drug war.
—WMF.

MUSIC

MUSICIAN SEEKS FINANCIAL BACKERS for professional studio demo project. Intelligent, political, funky pop-rock music with industry interest. Invest in creativity. Serious inquiries only please. Nation Box 550.

ORGANIZATIONS

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with *The Nation*? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call Sandra Zickefoose (212) 242-8400.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS
A Nation Box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $10 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER
links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVER'S EXCHANGE®. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Established 1970. Nationwide. Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039. (215) 358-5049.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, Clearinghouse Newsletter. Exclusively for literate, educated singles, 45 to 70. No names, etc., ever published. You are given a code number. Only $10 to place an advertisement—no word limit. You MUST send an ad to receive the newsletter. Sample copy available $5. Write Box 5371, Chicago, IL 60680-5371.

NATIONWIDE PEN PALS. Free details. PEX, 601 W. Third #3, Royal Oak, MI 48067.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

PERSONALS

SPARKLING, BRIGHT AND ATTRACTIVE Chicago North Shore Jewish widow, 5'3", slim, enjoys travel, sports, theater, music, folk dancing, people, humanistic values. Professional businesswoman wants to share joy, companionship with warm financially secure man 65 to 75 years. Send letter and phone to 343 Florence, Evanston, IL 60602.

CALIFORNIA PRISON INMATE, SWM, 45, with 4 teenage children, active in civil rights and community issues seeks correspondence from anyone who reads The Nation and cares to communicate. Please write to Earl J. Seymour, J.D., Donovan 4-17/146, 480 Alta Rd., San Diego, CA 92179.

WESTERN SOUTH DAKOTA MAN, progressive, single, 30s, looking for a special woman. Nation Box 568.

SEMIRETIRED WIDOW, professional, 60ish, financially independent, has car. Broad cultural interests, concerned, vivacious, seeks kind, caring male companion with similar interests, 58+, metropolitan New York. Nation Box 553.

MALE, 31 YEARS, seeks female. Woodworker, natural farmer, inclined toward Buddhism. Northern New England. Nation Box 561.

WIDOWER, 60, PROFESSOR, POET, nature lover. Seeking tranquil woman of approximately same age for friendship/romance. Nation Box 562.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 40s, relocating to California, Bay area. Social/environmental concerns, mature, nicely outrageous. Seeks like Northern California gentlemen, 45+, for friendship, sharing of thoughts, ideas, time. Nation Box 565.

I AM A PRISONER in unchanging environment who desires correspondence from anyone who dares, so that I won't lose contact with the outside world. It would make me very happy. Robert Sanford, Box AG #74A-257, Fallsburg, NY 12733.

INTELLIGENT AND PLAYFUL PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, 20s, seeks a Sensitive Male of the 90s, 25 to 35, for provocative dialogue and passionate sex, perhaps simultaneously. Men who were granola-crunching lesbians in a past life need not reply. Nation Box 567.

WESTCHESTER/NYC—Pretty, slender accomplished Ph.D., 50s. Artistic, sensitive, generous, easy to be with. Enjoy jazz and classical music, ideas, people, the outdoors and good conversation. Good bet! Nation Box 469.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

COMMUNITY JOBS, socially responsible jobs and internships. Subscribe to the only nationwide newspaper listing, covering lobbying, organizing, environment, disarmament and more. $12/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box 1205N, 1516 P Street NW, Washington, DC 20005.

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,040-$59,230/year. Now hiring. (805) 687-6000 Ext. R-3596 for current Federal list.

WORK IN NICARAGUA
APSNICA is seeking volunteers for Technical Assistance positions. Architects, planners, computer personnel, engineers, hydrologists, carpenters, masons, mechanics, electricians, medical personnel, English teachers, and others are encouraged to apply. Call (213) 455-1340; write APSNICA, P.O. Box 1151, Topanga, CA 90290.

PROGRAM OFFICER for FUNDING EXCHANGE NYC office. FEX, a national network of 12 foundations and numerous individual philanthropists, is committed to supporting grass-roots and national social change activism. Strong organizational, communications and administrative skills necessary. Knowledge/experience in women's rights and international issues preferred. Starting date, early January. Salary, $30,325. Résumé, including 3 references and political/community work to: Funding Exchange, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. People of color, women, gay and lesbian candidates encouraged to apply.

WITNESS FOR PEACE, a faith-based, politically independent organization working to change U.S. policy toward Central America, seeks:

TEAM COORDINATOR in Managua, Nicaragua. Long-term commitment. Bicultural living and community living essential. Counseling and administrative experience and fluency in Spanish required. Send résumé to Phillis Taylor, 609 E. Allens Lane, Philadelphia, PA 19119; (215) 248-3178. Application deadline February 1.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR in Durham, N.C. Oversee staff, programs, finances and general operation of Witness for Peace. Experience in administration and Latin America is essential. Fluency in Spanish is preferred. $18,000/year, negotiable. Send résumé to Kathy McNeely, 30 North Street, Williamstown, MA 01267; (413) 597-2483. Application deadline March 1.

BOOKKEEPER/JR. ACCOUNTANT opening at *The Nation*. Individual to assist with general accounting and bookkeeping. Computer experience preferred. Send résumé to: Ann Epstein, Dept. 202, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

UNION ORGANIZERS. Progressive labor union needs experienced organizers, various locations nationwide, with long-term commitment to labor. Good pay, full benefits. Send work history, personal profile, references to ORGANIZE, P.O. Box 34234, Washington, DC 20043-4234. Spanish language skills desirable. Relocation may be required; specify whether geographical restrictions apply. Must have car.

FUNDRAISER/ADMINISTRATOR, "Undercurrents" investigative radio program. Familiarity with international issues, experience in grant seeking and grass-roots fundraising. Salary $23,000 negotiable. Send résumé and references to Personnel Committee, Muriel Rukeyser Center for Media and the Arts, 130 West 25th Street, New York, NY 10001.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR. New York Marxist School seeks a full-time Executive Director. Experience working with a nonsectarian multiracial political environment and demonstrated leadership ability required. Experience in fundraising and fiscal management desirable. Immediate opening, salary low 20s. Résumé to New York Marxist School, 79 Leonard Street, New York, NY 10013. Minorities, gays and lesbians encouraged to apply.

POSITIONS DESIRED

NATION INTERN seeks evening or possibly weekend employment as home helper: house cleaning, shopping and/or child care, tutoring, etc. Can speak some Spanish. Call Mara weekdays at (212) 242-8400.

PUBLICATIONS

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. 4 months/$1. 1 year/$4. The People (N), PO Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

EARLESS LEADERS READ "GOING OUT"! Bush, Thatcher, Gorby get free subscriptions to this brilliant, devastating novel on the end of Western Civilization. Wimpy leaders, scheming generals, holographic hookers, freak rains of appliances. Funnier, more frightening than news. Mailed in 12 monthly installments starting January 1990. $19.95 on 3-hole pages. $24.95 gets binder, cover art. Free "Going Out Songbook." By John Strausbaugh (Red Zone, NY Press). Great gift for aware Americans. Order/information: Dolphin-Moon, POB 22262, Baltimore, MD 21203.

THIRD WORLD MAGAZINE. The world from a Third World perspective. A bimonthly magazine covering politics, the economy, the environment and culture. "A progressive version of *Time or Newsweek*,"—*World Rivers Review.*

☐One year (six issues) US$ 9
☐Two years (12 issues) US$15
☐Please send a free sample copy.

Third World, Rua da Glória. 122, gr. 105
20241Rio de Janeiro, RJ, Brazil

COPIES OF THE HISTORIC 120th anniversary issue of *The Nation* (March 22,1986) are available for $4 each, $2.50 each for 10 or more (postpaid). Send order to: The Nation, Anniversary Issue, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1 (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call (805) 687-6000 Ext. GH-3596 for current repo list.

OPEN MINDS IN UPSTATE NEW YORK? Oh yes. Working artists/artisans, old and new lefties, activists, pacifists and just people. Even a few Republicans for fun. Taking part in a thinking community in the beautiful Catskills 2 hours from NYC. Woodstock, NY. Try us. Bluestone Properties (914) 679-5500.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates $1.50 per word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display $60 per column inch.

Deadline Wednesday, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

Discounts Pay for 3 runs, get 1 more free. Pay for 7 runs, 3 more free. Pay for 15 runs, 10 more free.

To THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for _____ weeks, plus _____ weeks free.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment must accompany order. **Payment in U.S. currency.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIGION

INCONTROVERTIBLE PROOF JESUS FICTITIOUS—NEVER EXISTED! $5. Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064. (For details, SASE).

TRAVEL

STUDY/WORK/LIVE OVERSEAS! *Since 1977, **Transitions Abroad** has helped travelers plan their own overseas adventures. One-year subscription ($15) includes four issues, annual Educational Travel Directory, plus FREE Guide to Living Overseas (if prepaid).*

TRANSITIONS ABROAD
Box 344-6320 Amherst, MA 01004

NICARAGUA. Join our 8-day, people-to-people delegation for an experience you'll never forget. Leaving Los Angeles or meet us in Mexico City. Write for schedule. Office of the Americas, 8124 West 3rd Street, #201, Los Angeles, CA 90048. (213) 852-9808.

FREIGHTER CRUISES—Luxurious, inexpensive. Reference booklet $3. TravLtips, Box 218U7, Flushing, NY 11358; (800) 872-8584, (718) 939-2400.

T-SHIRTS

STREET SHIRTS

OUTRAGED ARTIST PLASTERS NEW YORK CITY WITH POLITICAL ART! Silkscreened reproductions of the 8' x 6' paintings on racism, the environment, art superstars, corrupt business, love in the information age, and more, by guerrilla artist LF. White 100% cotton T-shirts, M, L and XL. $12.95 each includes delivery *(New York residents add sales tax). Mail check or money order to:* **STREET SHIRTS**, 139 Spring Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Write or call (212) 966-6942 for free color brochure.

Targets
(six colors on red ground)

Skateboard Kids
(Green black white red)

© LF 1989

Wall St. Men
(Blue magenta chartreuse)

S.O.S.
(red pink grey black)

Woman Seeks Man
(Blue orange black white)

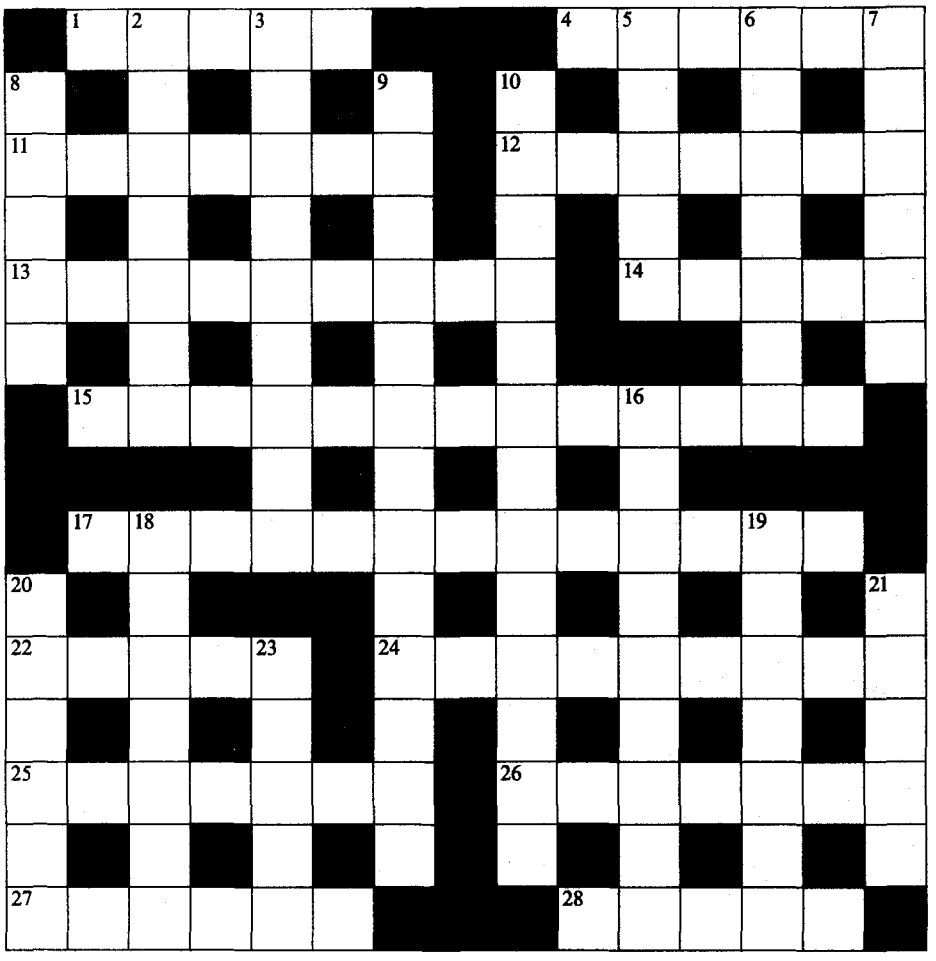
Artist in New York
(Blue turquoise gold black)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2265

C	R	O	S	S	Y	O	U	R		H	E	A	R	T
L		M		T		V		A		A		G		O
O	P	E	R	A	T	E		B	U	C	K	R	A	M
S		L		M		R		B		K		O		S
E	Y	E		P	L	A	N	E	S		A	U	R	A
		T		A		W		T		O		N		W
A	B	S	O	L	V	E	D		A	N	D	D	A	Y
T				B		D		D		T				E
T	O	R	Q	U	E		M	I	G	H	T	I	E	R
E		A		M		T		S		E		S		
N	I	N	E		H	A	Y	M	O	W		R	U	N
T		K		T		I		A		A		A		O
I	N	I	T	I	A	L		L	E	T	T	E	R	S
O		N		N		O		L		C		L		E
N	I	G	H	T		R	H	Y	T	H	M	I	C	S

Crossword Puzzle No. 2266

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Such a political campaign causes reams of letters—all bad. (5)
4 How to stop rumors of strong drink? (6)
11 From the angels, a heavenly dish to some! (7)
12 Hide at one time, with a king around the inside. (7)
13 The admiral's officers without command authority in Arizona? (9)
14 Perhaps a big learner and a little learner in the mountain region. (5)
15 Little ones might need some pushing with them! (A degree nearer the auto driving to an ocean state that's growing older?) (4,9)
17 Such as the oriel and the bay, with a kangaroo, perhaps. (No sale is connected with them, usually.) (6,7)
22 A gig at first would make the old clown prodigious! (5)
24 Conversation while taking in a lecture on something like "2 x 2?" (5,4)
25 In the direct sun, a mighty big wave! (7)
26 and 27 The possible result of an injury allowed a "Dear John" variety to be quite a thorny story! (7,6)
28 and 5 down "Maine" or "Arizona"? (The result of diplomacy.) (10)

DOWN

2 Such application might result in a backlash, inserting the lash at first after the end of the job. (7)
3 Classic description of a very watchful guard. (5-4)
5 See 28 across
6 Calling out the cavalry in the old days, or so the decipherment shows. (2,5)
7 Zeus' sister at 450 makes important proclamations. (6)
8 It shows a rather large number remained to be split. (5)
9 What some heisters want to make fast, putting humor on a quick robbery. (They might hope to do it all!) (3,4,4,2)
10 A philosophical rationalization, proving everything goes to the elite. (3,3,3,4)
16 It had a turn on the stage. (Place trap in a different position, however.) (9)
18 How some funds might be held turns it bad! (2,5)
19 Lee put a sort of it on his shoulder, probably. (7)
20 Somewhat confused, this would be the end of 16—big business! (6)
21 Fish possibly going fast, kept on ice. (5)
23 Make an engraving of the comedian—who must have some following! (5)

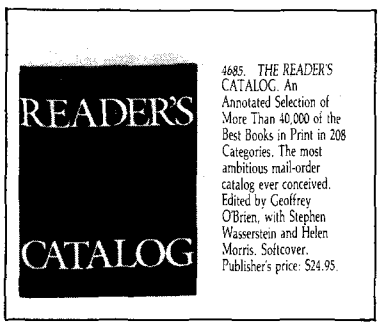
PUZZLE BOOK

Book 5 of "*The Nation*'s Best Puzzles" is available for $5.50. Send your check or money order to: E.S. Lewis, 32 Pembroke Avenue, Acushnet, MA 02743.

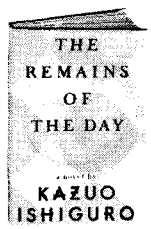
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take any 3 books for just $1 each —and save up to $120.00!—

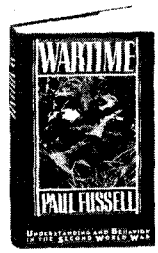
as your introduction to The Readers' Subscription



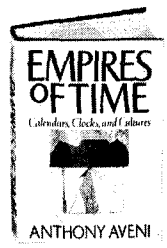
4685. *THE READER'S CATALOG.* An Annotated Selection of More Than 40,000 of the Best Books in Print in 208 Categories. The most ambitious mail-order catalog ever conceived. Edited by Geoffrey O'Brien, with Stephen Wasserstein and Helen Morris. Softcover. Publisher's price: $24.95.



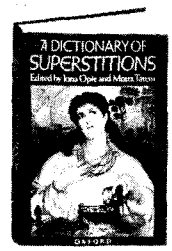
4717. THE REMAINS OF THE DAY. Kazuo Ishiguro. Publisher's price: $18.95.



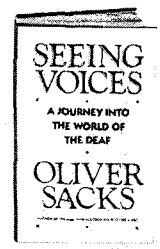
4703. WARTIME. Paul Fussell. Publisher's price: $18.95.



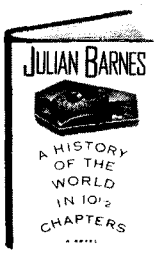
4716. EMPIRES OF TIME. Calendars, Clocks and Cultures. Anthony Aveni. Publisher's price: $24.95.



4711. THE DICTIONARY OF SUPERSTITIONS. Edited by Iona Opie & Moira Tatem. Publisher's price: $30.00.

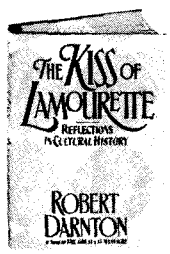


4686. SEEING VOICES. A Journey into the World of the Deaf. Oliver Sacks. Publisher's price: $15.95.

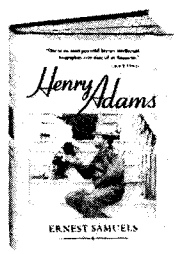


4718. A HISTORY OF THE WORLD IN 10½ CHAPTERS. Julian Barnes. Publisher's price: $18.95.

4714. JERUSALEM: City of Mirrors. Amos Elon. Publisher's price: $19.95.



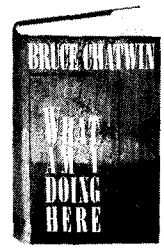
4728. THE KISS OF LAMOURETTE. Reflections in Cultural History. Publisher's price: $24.95.



4720. HENRY ADAMS. Ernest Samuels. Publisher's price: $25.00.

4674. SKETCHES FROM A LIFE. George F. Kennan. Publisher's price: $22.95.

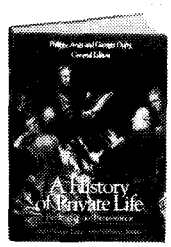
4661. THE COLLECTED POEMS OF PHILIP LARKIN. Edited by Anthony Thwaite. Publisher's price: $22.50.



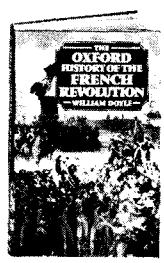
4694. WHAT AM I DOING HERE? Bruce Chatwin. Publisher's price: $19.95.

4646. THE NORTON/GROVE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC. Edited by Stanley Sadie. Publisher's price: $40.00.

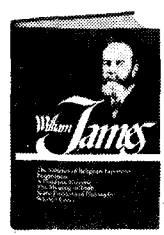
4660. THE BODY AND SOCIETY. Men, Women and Sexual Renunciation in Early Christianity. Peter Brown. Publisher's price: $45.00.



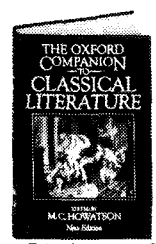
4648. A HISTORY OF PRIVATE LIFE. Volume III: Passions of the Renaissance. Edited by Roger Chartier. Publisher's price: $39.50.



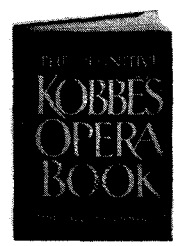
4672. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. William Doyle. Publisher's price: $29.95.



4562. THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA WILLIAM JAMES. Edited by Bruce Kuklick. Publisher's price: $27.50.



4659. OXFORD COMPANION TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE. Second Edition. Edited by M.C. Howatson. Publisher's price: $39.95.



4529. THE DEFINITIVE KOBBE'S OPERA BOOK. Newly revised by the Earl of Harewood. Publisher's price: $35.00.

THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION:

Books for the permanent library of the serious reader.

Join The Readers' Subscription, the book club for serious readers, and we'll send you any three of these fine books for just $1 each—you'll save up to $120.00 right away, and once you're a member your savings will continue to grow along with your library.

Every month, The Readers' Subscription brings its members the best available editions of the classics, including *all* of the volumes in the superb Library of America series, along with the best new books: from the magnificent *The Art of Photography* to the newly published *Chez Panisse Cooking*, to Stephen Hawking's astonishing *Brief History of Time*. Authoritative reference books, splendid art books, fiction, biography, cookbooks—all of these books come at discounts as high as 30% off the publishers' prices. So join us today!

HOW MEMBERSHIP WORKS: Thirteen times a year we'll send you our club catalogue, along with a reply card. If you want the main selection, do nothing and you'll get it automatically. If you prefer alternate selections, or none at all, complete the reply card and return it to us by the specified date. Should you ever receive the main selection without having had 10 days to return the reply card, you may return the selection at our expense. You agree to buy 4 additional selections during your first year of membership. After that there is no obligation whatever and every book you buy earns one or more bonus credits. (Four credits entitle you to choose a bonus book.) Unless you prepay, you will be billed for postage and handling on all orders.

Please enroll me as a member of The Readers' Subscription and send me the three books I've indicated by number for $1 each, just $3 total:

☐ ☐ ☐

Please return coupon to:
The Readers' Subscription
Membership Service Dept.
250 West 57th Street
New York, NY 10107

I've enclosed my check or money order;
or bill my credit card as follows:
☐ American Express ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Card Number _____ Expires _____

Name _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

This offer good for new members only.
The Club reserves the right of membership approval. Readers' Garden, Inc. TN06

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED